

Scandinavia

TERMS:
PER YEAR, \$2.00.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1884.

SINGLE NUMBER
TWENTY CENTS.

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BISHOP MARTENSEN.

Shortly before his death, February 3, 1884, his Excellency Hans Lassen Martensen, D.D., bishop of Sealand, primate of the Danish church, confessor to the reigning House of Denmark, grand cross of various orders, etc., etc., published his autobiography in three parts. Part first comprises the period from his birth, August 19, 1808, to the close of his academical studies, the return from his first travelling abroad, his appointment at the university of Copenhagen, 1838, his marriage, and the publication of his beautiful little book, "Mester Eckart," 1840. Part second gives an account of his activity as professor of theology, the salient point of which was the publication of his "System of Christian Doctrines" or "Christian Dogmatics," 1849, a rather lean volume, considering the vastness of the subject and the popularity and ease of the form, but four times reprinted in Danish, translated into Swedish, German, French, and English, used as text-book in many theological seminaries, and even made the subject of a series of discourses in the Roman propaganda. Part third, finally, continues the narrative from his appointment as bishop of Sealand, 1854, down to the last year of his life, and culminates in the publication

of his "Christian Ethics," 1871-8, three stout volumes, also translated into German and English.

Between the first and the last part of this work there is a glaring difference. The first part is a masterpiece of literary composition. Without ever swerving into the domain of artistic effects, it groups its materials, it concentrates the attention on the characteristic facts, it increases in interest as it goes on, and it closes at a decisive point, telling us all along ten times more than it actually says. Martensen was born at Flensburg, in the duchy of Sleswick. In that town the Danish and the German elements of the population of the province met face to face, and fought hand to hand. Martensen was born in the Danish camp, and was early transplanted to Copenhagen, where he grew up. In his youth he received a very strong impression from the works of Adam Oehlenschläger; it was the first rousing of his spirit toward the beautiful and the sublime, and, whenever in his autobiography he happens to touch that point, the old man grows warm and eloquent. But else there was nothing in Danish life, either in literature or in the church, which really took hold of his sympathy. He enlisted nowhere. He longed after Germany. After finishing his academical studies, he visited Berlin, travelling on a government stipend. But in Berlin the situation was too strong for him. Hegel had recently died, and after the death of the master, it soon became impossible to cover up any longer the dangerous secret that, in spite of his ample acknowledgment of the influence which Christianity exercised on European civilization, and in spite of his pliant recognition of the powerful position which the Christian church held in European society, his system of philosophy was nothing less than a protest, a cold and peremptory protest against the claims of Christianity to contain the final, the absolute truth. Martensen was a poet rather than a thinker. He was poet enough to understand the awful dilemma which rose before him. But he was not thinker enough to grab it by the horns and try

its strength. He fell sick. From Berlin he went to Munich, and there he conversed much with Frantz von Baader, a Roman Catholic theologian, somewhat emancipated, but emancipated through mysticism; a fertile mind, but given to paint sand-washes as if they were golden clouds, and golden clouds as if they were already raining. Martensen liked him very much, and was, he says, by him led to study the German mystics; though in his books on Mester Eckart and Jacob Boehme, 1870, the traces of Hegel's views are very apparent, while it would be difficult to find anything of Frantz von Baader in them. But perhaps he simply meant to say that Frantz von Baader was to him the occasion of laying out a certain line of study, of gathering in a certain kind of materials, etc., which he, no doubt, was. In Vienna, Martensen formed an intimate friendship with the poet Lenau. Lenau was one of the last representatives of the Romantic school in Germany, one of those half-talents in whom the school ran mad. He saw wider and sharper than any of the founders of the school, for he stood on their shoulders. But he forgot this last circumstance, and in his endeavors to transform views, essentially critical, into pictures, directly poetical, his wit at last gave way. Passionate, however, as he was, imaginative and sympathetic, he, no doubt, set many of the finest strings in Martensen's nature vibrating, and in the glow of that romantic fire, the curious old scraps of German mysticism began to revive. From Vienna Martensen went to Paris, and there he met with J. L. Heiberg and *Fru* Heiberg, countrymen of his. J. L. Heiberg (d. in 1860) was the only competent representative of Hegelianism in Denmark. As a philosophical writer, he was somewhat thin and schematic, never descending from the ether. Nevertheless, he was read by many, and there were some who began to feel a little startled. But besides being an abstract and abstruse philosophical writer, he was also a farce writer of great fertility and still greater audacity. The most exaggerated characters he marched up upon the stage and dragged them through the most exaggerated situations. But the whole country laughed, and the merriment is not yet over. The true outcome, however, of those great gifts, and that happy development of his, was an elegant, witty, and pungent criticism, sometimes very instructive, and always in an eminent degree educating. He taught the Danish people to read with discrimination, and to increase their poetical receptibility, by the very process of discriminating. *Fru* Heiberg, his wife, but more than twenty years

younger than he, and still living, was an actress. But she was not simply a star, a passing enthusiasm so often ending in disgust. She has exercised a palpable influence on the Danish people, on their ideas of female beauty, of lady-like perfection, of true womanhood. The meeting was very friendly and full of promise. J. L. Heiberg explained what he thought the Hegelian philosophy could and should do for Danish civilization, and whenever the conversation touched a practical issue, *Fru* Heiberg seized the thread, and threw out one of those striking illustrations which form a part of her genius, and which never fail to have a history in the hearer's mind. From that meeting Martensen returned home, settled and sound, a genius bursting into bloom; and with that meeting the first part of his autobiography closes. It is a charming little volume.

The last part is entirely destitute of composition. It is simply a collection of newspaper articles, generally so insignificant that no paper would ever have dreamed of publishing them, and sometimes, when they became significant, painfully so. Those who have read both "Mester Eckart" and the "Christian Ethics" may not feel so very much surprised. In his "Christian Ethics," Martensen proposes to establish a perfect reconciliation between Christianity and modern civilization, and in his autobiography he congratulates himself on his success; the book has been several times reprinted both in Danish and German. But on this latter point he was probably mistaken. The great success of a book is not so very seldom an irrefragable evidence of the utter failure of the author; he has merely given mediocrity a choice morsel, and the morsel is relished. Martensen thought that there is in our time a multitude of people who hunger and thirst for such a reconciliation, but an open glance across the street would have shown him that those who truly express the passion of our life, and really have the ear of our time, are, on both sides, the men to whom a reconciliation of the kind is an abomination; the men who want a split, definite and clear-cut, so as to force up the decisive choice; while those who actually hanker after a reconciliation are the indifferent or the lukewarm children of a lukewarm habit. At all events, on the conditions which Martensen offers in his "Christian Ethics," the reconciliation will not be accepted. None of the great questions which are stirring in modern civilization—woman's emancipation and Christian marriage, abstinence at the bottom and luxury at the top, freedom of the church and free-

dom of the congregation, etc.,—not one is there taken up and answered in accordance with its full bearing. Everywhere the thorny point is broken off, and a sliding surface produced, which makes the stick eminently fit for the joinery-shop, but extremely unlike the living growth with which alone we have to do. Nor do I feel sure that the other party to the case has been more fairly treated. The book contains five pages on mission and fifty pages on the theatre, and that in a moment when the whole Christian world feels singularly impressed by the fact that of the three great historical religions Christianity has the smallest flock, makes the slowest progress, and is the most doubted and disputed. Will not someone find that Martensen has given the theatre too large and the mission too small a place in that kingdom of Heaven which he sets forth as the ideal of Christian ethics? However this may be, the student of his "Christian Ethics" cannot find himself altogether unprepared for this last part of his autobiography, though it is a bleak dismal waste, where the genius has gone and only the official remains, where the vindication of dead power has taken the place of the exercise of living influence, and where robed authority is always sure of being in the right when face to face with a conviction which is still naked. There are pages which actually give pain. Frederik VII, the late king of Denmark (1848-63), was a man well gifted by nature, acute and yet cordial, with a practical turn of mind, which under more favorable circumstances might have made him a great king for a small kingdom, and with a taste for simplicity which seldom became rude and never mean. But he was very badly educated. His father was vain and weak—a glittering screen, and many singular things behind it. His mother was crazy—many singular things, and no screen before them. All the good germs of the boy's nature were allowed to run into eccentricities, and when the result began to show itself in rather harmless passions for *chic* costumes, big meerscham pipes, old curiosities, etc., he was met with ridicule and cold contempt. The girl he fell in love with he could not have, though she was a princess, and the bride he was forced to accept was "awfully" homely. People knew all these things; they pitied the young man, and they liked him. When he became king, he gave willingly and with an honest purpose the constitution the country asked for, and he afterward altered it this way and that way, just as the people thought it best. The war with Germany (1848-51) was

carried on with success, and brought to what seemed to be a satisfactory conclusion. Some great reforms and many minor improvements were introduced. Times were good, harvests plenty, trade flourishing, prices rising, etc. The Danes began to feel themselves growing, and felt happy. When to this is added that immediately after his death the greatest calamity ever dreamed of—the loss of Sleswick—broke down upon Denmark with distrust and almost disgrace in its trail, and that the internal development has ever since been difficult and full of vexations,—what wonder, then, that every Danish town is now busy in raising a monument for Frederik VII! Martensen pretends not to understand this movement, and insinuates that there is more indirect opposition in it than genuine enthusiasm. Whether this be true or not is, in the present connection, of no consequence. But when Martensen, as bishop of Sealand and primate of the Danish church, made the funeral oration over Frederik VII, he seemed not only to understand the enthusiasm, but to share it. He has also felt very distinctly that here is a spot where the veneering is not perfectly smooth; and when speaking of that funeral oration, which is printed and not forgotten, he enters upon an argument on the propriety of telling the truth, the whole truth, when making an official oration over the coffin of a king,—an argument which one day will be read aloud in the Danish *Rigsdag* as an evidence of the danger inherent to a state church, to an institution which undertakes, officially, to represent the absolute truth. As indicated above, the volume is painful to read.

But what is the reason of this singular discrepancy of character between the first and the last part of the autobiography? Something must have happened in the meantime, and the second part of the book must contain an explanation. It should seem so; and yet the second part is extremely discreet on that very point where the reader is most apt to become inquisitive. It may become possible, however, some day to bridge over the gap and give the explanation, for there is already a considerable amount of curious materials at hand, and there will come more. But the author has not given it, and, as yet, only a few hints can be offered.

Martensen's first lectures at the University of Copenhagen had an effect which university teaching certainly very seldom had. They created a fashion. Not that he himself became fashionable. He was too difficult of access, too sparing in his recognition of others, too stiff, and too awkward, ever

to become a popular man. That amiable sympathy with everybody and everything, that unconscious coquetry with the public, which to many a character is his greatest power and his greatest danger, nature had entirely denied to Martensen. There was an aristocratic coolness about him, which, in spite of the openness and directness of his address, impressed one as haughtiness. But his ideas became fashionable, or rather the ideas of Hegel. He announced a course of lectures on the history of modern philosophy after Kant, and in those lectures Hegel naturally came to stand as the centre, or rather, as the central light, of the whole exposition. They were several times repeated, and though they had special reference to the relation between philosophy and theology, they were heard not only by theologians, but by jurists, physicians, and philologists; not only by young students, always eager for a new light, but by older men settled in practical life long ago. And the result was marvellous. A speedily-increasing echo from Germany had aroused the curiosity of the public. J. L. Heiberg had done the first strokes of hard work, and now, at once, as if touched by a magician's wand, the whole university, the whole city, the whole country stood clad in Hegelianism. From the time when Adam Oehlenschläger wrote his "Aladdin," it became the dream of every young Dane's ambition to be a genius. Between 1830 and 1840, a volume of poems, which nobody read, though everybody criticized it, and a sentimental love affair, which everybody talked about, though nobody believed in it, were considered as the right road to the goal. But between 1840 and 1850, Hegelianism became the solution of all enigmas, without and within, and to be a genius without being a Hegelian seemed an absurdity. Hegel's ideas were discussed in the garrets by the young students, and in the *salons* by the young *belles*, in the club-room over the card-table, and in the shop over the counter,—everywhere and always. A certain familiarity with Hegel's terminology became one of the most indispensable social acquirements. The whole host of those singular formulas—so provoking to him who does not understand them, and now so ludicrous even to him who does,—marched into the country as an intellectual salvation army, and filled every square and every street with their clicking and rattling; and it is curious now to open a file of the leading Copenhagen paper and read through its editorials, or even its advertisements, from those days, for the merest trivialities are often by means of that terminology puffed up into huge, almost bewildering, spectacular apparitions.

There was, of course, in this something very flattering to the young professor; but there was also something very dangerous, and he was not slow in discovering it. In a monarchical state, which—as was the case with Denmark at that time—has no other constitution than the more or less developed frame-work of bureaucratic administration, the office-holder naturally expects not only to keep his office for life, but also, peace and quiet provided, to advance in rank and title, in pay and power, by the sheer force of increasing age. Under such circumstances a man naturally becomes conservative as soon as he becomes an official, and his conservatism is most likely to shape itself in accordance with the reigning pattern. Danish conservatism from the first half of the present century is strikingly characterized by the answer which the old king, Frederik VI (1808–39) gave a deputation composed of the best men of the people and presenting an humble petition: "We alone know what is to the good of the Danish people." Those words reverberated from the throne down to the lowest step of the bureaucratic ladder, and with imperturbable self-confidence the uniformed floor-sweeper of the custom-house would say to any gentleman happening to pass through the hall, but not in uniform: "I alone know what is right and what is wrong here." But in no sphere of Danish society this form of conservatism found a more striking expression than in the church. The fabric was frail. For three generations the Danish people had been fed, spiritually, on rationalism. The rationalists of the clear water, those outrageous fellows who wanted to rent out the church-buildings for public warehouses, always showed a certain sympathy with individual modes of feeling, while the muddy rationalists, those pious dignitaries who pretended to represent true orthodoxy, never hesitated to stamp out, with the aid of the government, the least trace of opposition. Bishop Balle wrote a text-book for the religious instruction in the primary schools. Some peasant families in Jutland, true to their Pietist traditions, refused to have their children instructed in Christianity after that "godless" book. But the old bishop, though the fairest specimen of Christian piety the Danish church had to boast of, concurred with the government in having the children educated in some public institution, the parents put in the penitentiary for life, and their property confiscated as fines. Thus the muddy rationalism became victorious along the whole line, and the result was a deep inner indifference to religion, so far as its contents

was concerned, connected with a slovenly, though sometimes pedantic, acquiescence with its external forms. In 1840, a man might have rejected any one of the Christian dogmas, or all of them, without attracting any attention, but he could not have uttered a doubt concerning the legitimacy of their systematic exposition, concerning theology as the truly scientific development of the human mind, without running the risk of being considered crack-brained. He might have spoken lightly of the Bible, and even see the minister join in the joke, but he could not say one word against the catechism without being stared at as a monster. He might laugh at the rites of the church, even at the sacraments, and thereby simply make himself liable to mild censure for impropriety in speech, but if he should happen to take any one of those things seriously, he was certainly a doomed man. Between 1840 and 1850, Bishop Mynster, the predecessor of Martensen as bishop of Sealand, found it right to take away by force the children from Baptist parents and baptize them in accordance with the ritual of the state church. This state of affairs the clergy seemed willing to accept as the true ethical realization on earth of the kingdom of Heaven, and they did not become aware of the frailty of the fabric until an open denunciation was made. Between 1820 and 1830, N. F. S. Grundtvig began to preach that the truth of the church did not depend upon its priests, ritual, liturgy, theology, etc., but upon its faith; and when in course of time it became evident that the man had power to do something more than a passing scandal, the dignitaries of the church actually began to feel vexed. Now a new perplexity arose. This Hegel, this noise in the clubs, the *salons*, the newspapers, nay, in the very sanctuary of theological science, what did it mean? None of them could tell. Did it mean conservatism? Reports from Germany said no. Had it perhaps a latent affinity to Grundtvig? A few years ago Martensen had certainly been seen within that circle. The proper means of arriving at a correct understanding seemed to be an examination of Hegel's works. But how to get time for such an undertaking? There was, indeed, nothing to do but to take the affair practically in hand.

For the second time in his life Martensen had to encounter Hegel. But this time he did not fall sick. As time wore on and one course of lectures followed the other, the young troop of enthusiastic Hegelians began to feel restless or even a little bewildered. They wondered when, in his lectures on systematic theology, the professor told them,

what he had not mentioned in his lectures on the history of modern philosophy, that the system of Hegel could not be considered the final issue of speculative philosophy, that it was necessary to "go beyond" Hegel, etc. Soon the wonder grew into impatience. When they would like to "go beyond" Hegel, to the left, in the direction of Baur—Strauss—Feuerbach, they were stopped with indignation and told that the true way ran to the right, in the direction of the dignitaries of the Danish church. A breach took place and Martensen's lecture-hall began to look a little roomy. The narrative in the second part of the autobiography is on this point exquisitely discreet, but put your ear close to the words, and you will hear a sob and a laugh rise beside each other, and finally mingle together in a spasmodic gasp. That gasp painted a grimace on Martensen's face, which never disappeared. He had beautiful eyes; they could look warm and they could gleam with humor. But the rest of his face was wooden, with only an expression of sadness flitting around the stiff, fixed, made-up features, and that stiffness—*stram* is the Danish word he himself uses—could never melt into motion; it could only explode in a grimace. The desertion of fashion, however, he probably felt rather as a release. Other things began to make demands upon his attention. The dignitaries of the church thought that he ought not to allow himself to become entirely absorbed in philosophical abstractions, that he ought to do some practical work in the service of the church, etc., and he was consequently appointed preacher to the court. Every second or third Sunday, in the forenoon, a royal coach, gilt on all edges without, and upholstered on all edges within, with coachman and groom in scarlet, and horses glittering of silver and gold, drove up before his door to fetch him to the church. In the church the king and the queen sat opposite the pulpit, listening attentively, while the nave was filled with feathers and flowers, and the aisles were streaming with stars and crosses. To stand on that rock in the midst of those surges, and with a waft of solemnity filling the air, was certainly to have a stand-point. Martensen felt so. The first time he was a little frightened, but he was most kindly encouraged, and he finally succeeded, in spite of the gasp and the grimace. People found so many deep ideas in his sermons. When, in 1849, he published his "System of Christian Doctrines," he was evidently through with his work as a professor, and ready for the episcopal chair.

Let us open that book, and let us begin with the beginning. The fall of man is the beginning of the history of the race, isn't it? Now, Martensen gives a beautiful, poetical, delicately seasoned transcript of the biblical account of that event. The serpent is, of course, not a common rattlesnake, speaking Hebrew. No, he represents a necessary part of the divine scheme of creation, an inherent principle in human nature; he is a symbol. A faith of the robust description might find a kind of temptation in this transcript. It would, indeed, answer the purposes of Hegel, and there are, scattered throughout the whole book, passages which are good Hegelian, as, for instance, the celebrated chapter on angels. Let us then go to the end, for the last judgment is the end of the history of the race, isn't it? Here the question arises, whether there is an eternal punishment or not? Martensen answers that he does not know. The Bible, he says, nowhere pretends to give an elaborate system of doctrines. It gives only the fundamental materials for further elaboration; and here is a point where human exertion has still left an arch unfinished. He quotes what the Bible says *pro* and what it says *contra*, and his book closes over an antinomy. This, too, might suit Hegel, but what would a reader of Calvin's "Institutiones" say? As for the centre, finally, of the history of the race, the pivot upon which the whole fabric rests, the resurrection of Christ, that is to Martensen a fact, a stark fact, evident as the light of the sun, palpable as the rock of the Alps, indubitable as consciousness itself. Very well, but where is the logical rule which leads reason from a symbol to a fact, and from a fact to an antinomy? And where is the scientific principle which yields such incongruities into a speculative system? Alas! they have never been found, and never will. D. G. Monrad has said of Martensen that "he was probably the greatest speculative theologian Denmark ever produced." Though I don't presume to know what name lies hidden beneath that "probably," I think it would be very difficult to deal justly between Martensen and, for instance, Ore Høegh Guldberg. Indeed, as a speculative philosopher, the former seems to me to be a mere repetition of the latter. There are passages in the autobiography where Martensen speaks of the apocalyptic aspect which the world is now assuming, which repeat, almost word by word, passages from Guldberg's correspondence with Balle. Guldberg is now remembered in Denmark chiefly on account of a little picture by Marstrand. He is there represented in pink satin knee-breeches, and with a snuff-box elegantly poised in the left hand,

giving audience to the greatest wit of the day, Wessel. But so utterly dumbfounded became Wessel by the *stram* face of Guldberg, that he could bring no word over his lips. He only reached forth his two fingers for a pinch of snuff, bowed, and left. But a century ago Guldberg was well known in Denmark, known as a power, both spiritual and temporal. He was a minister of state, and afterward extremely busy as a writer, laboring together with Bishop Balle to establish the muddy rationalism in the country. In the field of speculative theology he was not only the predecessor, but the prototype of Martensen, though he is now utterly forgotten. But will Martensen fare better? A century from to-day, how much of him will still be lingering in the memory of his countrymen? Of his "Christian Ethics" and "System of Christian Doctrines" certainly nothing; and if he escapes the pencil of a future Marstrand, it will not be on account of his speculative theology, but on account of those excellent pamphlets, on Mynster, N. F. S. Grundtvig, Rasmus Nielsen, etc., he now and then wrote. They were the late children, or, if you like it better so, they are the remnants of his genius. But by their critical acumen, their fulness of knowledge, their correctness of observation, and the lofty justice and truthfulness of their tone, they have been of great aid in Danish civilization, and will not miss the deep gratitude due to them.

CLEMENS PETERSEN.

THE FIRST SWEDISH SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA.

To the human trait of avarice may be attributed the world's most rapid advance in every department of commerce and its subsequent arts. The alluring sparkle of gold has led men to dare all latitudes and seas, however strange, however obstinately closed, however strewn with dead men's bones; and from the new world of North and South America, there has streamed for centuries the light of a beacon such as this. The Northmen, the Spanish, the French, the English, the Dutch—an army of adventurers—have come, have seen, have generally conquered. To their magnificent courage or insatiable greed, the doors of knowledge and of wealth have opened, and the majority of these early colonists have gained their ends,—the acquisition of territory at any risk, the extortion of gold at any cost. But higher motives and more enduring principles were brought to us across the seas when religious intolerance drove the spirit of martyrdom to our shores. The Puritans, the Huguenots, the Swedish fugitives from the Protestant-Catholic wars colonized those states in which

slavery with its attendant evils found the most insecure footing; and on the banks of the Delaware, the only humane policy ever devised for dealing with the Indian race, was instituted by the pious Swedes. "Slaves," said Gustaf Adolf, "cost a great deal, labor with reluctance, and soon perish from hard usage; but the Swedish nation is industrious and intelligent, and hereby we shall gain more by a free people with wives and children."* This would appear to be a stroke of economy rather than a principle of morality, but in the instructions of the Swedish government to Governor Printz, with regard to the Indians, the genuine piety of the Swedish administration is exhibited. Article IX reads as follows: "The wild nations bordering on all sides, the governor shall treat with all humanity and respect, and so that no violence nor wrong be done to them by Her Royal Majesty, or her subjects aforesaid; but he shall rather . . . exert himself that the same wild people may be gradually instructed in the truths and worship of the Christian religion, and in other ways brought to civilization and good government, and in this manner properly guided. Especially shall he seek to gain their confidence, and impress upon their minds that neither he, the governor, nor his people and subordinates are come into these parts to do them any wrong or injury, but much more for the purpose of furnishing them with such things as they may need for the ordinary wants of life."†

Religious dissension, the most bitter and cruel of all animosities, had scattered broadcast over Europe, in the seventeenth century, the seeds of fermentation and unrest. So that when William Usselinx, a native of Antwerp, Brabant, proposed to Gustaf Adolf in 1624, the despatch of a Swedish colony to America, it was as if he had provided an outlet for the bursting national heart. Gustaf seized upon the plan with enthusiasm. He concentrated upon it all of his talents as a statesman, and the result was a scheme which for brilliancy and liberality of design has had no parallel in the annals of colonization projects. Usselinx was the founder of the Dutch West India Company, of which he was also for several years a director. Becoming dissatisfied for some reason with the management of the company, he severed his connection with it, and proceeded to Stockholm. He appears to have been a man of more than ordinary ability, which was exhibited in the projection more than in the execution of great enterprises.‡

He was the agitator of more conservative men, and to him is accredited the first conception of a Swedish colony in America, at a time when Europe was absorbed in the seriousness of home affairs. The Thirty Years' War was at its height, and Protestant Danes and Germans were exposed to the fury of the storm. Gustaf Adolf was as yet but a looker-on, conscious of the inevitable part which he must soon assume, and burdened with anxiety for his unhappy subjects. Usselinx appeared at an opportune moment. He proposed the founding of a trading company in Sweden,* whose operations should extend to Asia, Africa, and America, the territory included in the project being, indeed, almost unlimited. He expatiated to the king upon the advantages certain to accrue from the enterprise, with an eloquence that carried objections before it. He appealed to his philanthropy by depicting the opportunities for spreading the Christian religion among heathen nations. He asserted in positive terms the pecuniary gain which would eventually be added to the Swedish crown; and, as a clinching argument in favor of the immediate undertaking of the scheme, he pointed to the suffering condition of the Protestants in the kingdom, and the horrors to which they were exposed. The king foresaw in it a benefit not to be defined by Usselinx's terms. While he recognized in it the direct solution of a problem which had long vexed his mind, he also perceived moral and political blessings as likely to arise from it, which the eye of a great statesman only can descry through centuries. In the warrant for the establishment of such a company, we find these words: "Know ye, that by a petition, the honest and prudent William Usselinx has humbly shown and proved to Us how a general trading company here from our kingdom of Sweden, to Asia, Africa, America, and Magellanica could be established," etc. . . . "Such being the proposition which he made, we have taken it into consideration, and find that we cannot disapprove of it, nor do we see, but what it is sure, that if God will give success, it shall tend to the honor of his holy name, to our and the state's welfare, and the advancement and advantage of our subjects. We have, therefore, graciously received, and with pleasure approved of it, and consented that the said company be organized and established," etc. . . . "Given and signed in our royal palace at Stockholm, the 21st of December, 1624.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS."†

* He had proposed the founding of a similar company in Holland as early as 1604. Odhner—Concerning Usselinx, see *Geschichte der Volkswirtschaftlichen Anschauungen der Niederländer*.

† Documents relating to the colonial history of the State of New York, vol. xii.

* Acrelius: History of New Sweden.

† Acrelius.

‡ C. T. Odhner. *Pennsylvania Magazine*, No. 3, vol. iii.

A commercial company, endowed with the privilege of founding foreign colonies, was therefore incorporated at Stockholm, May 1, 1627. The charter provided the existence of the company for twelve years, from May, 1625, to May, 1637, during which time no capital was to be withdrawn, nor new stockholders admitted. Usselinx was to have for his services, past, present, and future, "one per mille of all goods and merchandise which were bought and sold in the company." It was decided that the contributions of capital should not proceed from any single country, but that all Europe should be invited to share in the enterprise, both with the subscription of means and the despatch of colonists. Prof. Odhner regards this as a move of expediency rather than disinterestedness,* as the finances of Sweden were then in a state of depletion. But the character and words† of Gustaf Adolf would surely admit a more generous construction, namely, that he wished *all* suffering people to share in its possible advantages.

The persons who took part in this remarkable company were his majesty's mother, the Queen Dowager Christina, the Prince John Cassimir, the Royal Council, and the most distinguished of the nobility, the highest officers of the army, the bishops and other clergymen, together with the burgomasters and aldermen of the cities, as well as a large number of the people generally.‡ For the direction and execution of the plan, there were appointed an admiral, vice-admiral, chapman, under-chapman, assistants and commissaries, and a body of soldiers fully officered.§ Such was the plan proposed by the greatest man of his time. But God disposed otherwise. Upon the eve of the fruition of his designs, Gustaf was summoned to his supreme mission as the defender of the Protestant faith in Europe. Brilliant triumphs distinguished him in other spheres, but through them all he preserved an undiminished interest in the plan which had been thus temporarily, as he believed, frustrated. At the battle of Lützen he lost his life, bequeathing to his chancellor, Oxenstierna, who was also his beloved friend and coöperator, "the jewel of his crown," *i.e.*, the project which had lain so near his heart.

Oxenstierna exerted himself to the utmost to carry out the intentions of the king, but his efforts were unsuccessful, chiefly on account of an

impoverished treasury. The final outgrowth of his exertions was a conception far inferior to that of Gustaf. "I think it to be regretted," said Provost Stillé, upon the occasion of the presentation of a portrait of Queen Christina to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, "I think it to be regretted that while we possess the portrait of Queen Christina, we have not those of her great father, Gustaf Adolf, and of Oxenstierna. I firmly believe that those two men, in their scheme for colonizing the shores of the Delaware, are entitled to the credit of the first attempt in modern times to govern colonies for a higher purpose than that of enrichening the commercial and manufacturing classes of the mother country. No doubt the expectation of extending Swedish commerce was one of the motives which led to the founding of the colony, but it seems always to have been a subordinate one."* Some Swedish historians claim that an emigration took place as early as 1627, under Gustaf Adolf; but this is nowhere substantiated. The Cabots had sighted Delaware as early as 1496, but they had in all probability passed it by. That Hudson saw the Delaware Bay, on August 28, 1609, is confirmed by the log-book of his mate, Juet.† And in 1623 the Dutch took possession of the shores of the Delaware. But there is no authority for stating that the Swedes ever visited this locality before 1637. At the age of six years Christina succeeded her father, and from that time, until she was eighteen, the kingdom was under regency, thus giving to Oxenstierna an opportunity for deliberating upon the best methods for advancing the plans of Gustaf. In May, 1635, he visited Holland on political business, and there saw Samuel Blommaert, Swedish commissary at Amsterdam, and a partner in the Dutch West India Company. Prof. Odhner, of the University of Lund, had the good fortune a few years ago to discover, in the Royal Archives of Sweden, a package containing letters from Blommaert to Oxenstierna, concerning the first expedition to Delaware.‡ In these letters, Blommaert broaches the subject of a Swedish expedition to the coast of Guinea. About one year later a Dutchman named Spring§ visited Oxenstierna in Sweden. He had recommended himself to the chancellor by a certain shrewd business capacity, and was employed in the Swedish service. Upon his return to Holland, after this

* Founding of New Sweden. *Pennsylvania Magazine*, No. 3, vol. III.

† "It may prove the advantage of all oppressed Christendom." — *Bancroft's History of the United States*, vol. I, p. 502.

‡ See *Hist. Suec*: Joh. Loccenil.

§ Acrelius: *History of New Sweden*.

* *Pennsylvania Magazine*, No. 2, vol. I.

† *N. Y. Hist. Coll.*

‡ Founding of New Sweden, by C. T. Odhner, translated by G. B. Keen. *Pennsylvania Magazine*, No. 3, vol. III.

§ Odhner's *Sveriges deltagande i Westfalska fredskongressen*, p. 46.

visit, he wrote to Oxenstierna regarding commercial matters, and the letter is now in the Oxenstierna Collection of the Royal Archives at Stockholm. He had talked with Blommaert of the Guinea scheme, and had heard through him of a man who could give reliable information on the subject.* This man was Peter Menewe, destined to become the second governor of the State of Delaware. Menewe was a native of Wesel, in the county of Cleves, Holland. He was a member of the Dutch West India Company, and had served as governor of New Netherlands, in America, from 1626 to 1632. This territory, of which the Dutch held stout possession, extended from the Delaware to the Hudson, and in the capacity of governor, Menewe resided at New Amsterdam (now New York city). As the result of some disagreement, he was dismissed from his office in 1632, and returned to Holland, where he was brought to the notice of Blommaert by Peter Spiring. His prolonged residence in America had no doubt given him a thorough knowledge of the locality, and he was, of all available persons, the one best qualified to lead the enterprise now proposed. These three, Blommaert, Spiring, and Menewe, met at the Hague, early in 1637, and held a consultation, which it was deemed best should be private, on account of the possible interference of the Dutch West India Company. It was found that the Guinea plan would involve too heavy an expenditure of means, and they therefore turned their thoughts to North America. Prof. G. B. Keen has translated in full a letter from Menewe to Spiring, then in Sweden, in which he offers his services to the Swedish government, as the founder of a colony in "New Sweden," on the banks of the Delaware. The letter is extremely interesting, and Prof. Keen's translation of it may be found in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, No. 4, Vol. VI. It is dated "Amsterdam, June 15, 1636," and contains an estimate of the expense of such an expedition as was proposed; "half of which," he says, "I myself will guarantee, Mr. Spiring assuming the other half, either on his own account, or for the crown, the same to be paid at once in cash."

To this plan the Swedish government gave its cheerful consent. Half of the money was subscribed by Menewe, Blommaert, and their friends; half by the three Oxenstiernas, Clas Fleming (virtual chief of the admiralty), and Spiring. "The consequences of this design," said the chancellor, "will be favorable to all Christendom, to Europe, to the whole world." He, too, like Gustaf

Adolf, possessed the eye of a seer. On August 9, 1637, the admiralty issued a passport for two ships,* the *Kalmars Nyckel*, and the *Vogel Grip*. The former was a man-of-war, the latter a sloop. Both were well supplied with provisions, and merchandise for traffic with the Indians. Besides Menewe, the only persons expressly named as taking part in the expedition are Henrik Huyghen, probably Menewe's brother-in-law, a Swedish surveyor named Måns Kling, and a religious instructor named Reorus Torkillus.† The remainder of the emigrants, in the neighborhood of fifty, were largely composed of criminals—Swedes and Finns. That New Sweden was used as a place of banishment for miscreants, we have evidence in "A Proceeding of the Fiscal against and sentence of Gysbert Cornelissen Beyerlandt," in these words:

"Thursday being the 3d February, 1639. Ulrich Leopoldt, fiscal plaintiff, against Gysbert Cornelissen Beyerlandt. Plaintiff demands that the defendant be sent to Fatherland and condemned, as quarrelsome persons usually are, who wound soldiers in the fort, as defendant has lately done in Fort Amsterdam.

"The fiscal's demand on and against Gysbert Cornelissen Beyerlandt having been seen, and everything being maturely considered, he is condemned to work with the company's blacks until the first sloop shall sail for the South River, where he is to serve the company and pay the wounded soldier fl.15, the surgeon fl.10 for his fee, and the fiscal a fine of fl.10."‡

Various causes conspired to hinder the embarkation of the little company until late in the autumn, when bad weather at sea still further opposed them, so that the voyage was not continued until near the close of 1637. Little is known of the details of this voyage. That it was very circuitous is implied from the course taken by Governor Printz several years later. Printz sailed south past the Portuguese and Barbary coast, until he found the "Eastern passage," when he veered directly across toward America, landing at Antigua, where he spent Christmas. He then proceeded on his voyage past Virginia and Maryland, to Cape Henlopen, and

* "All ships about to sail shall assemble in the port of Gothenburg, and depart in company as a fleet, also upon their return come back to the same port, to discharge there such cargo as it may be serviceable to sell and to send away." Charter of Gustaf Adolf. Documents, relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York, vol. xii.

† Prof. Odhner would eliminate this person from the company as improbable; but the author has chosen to accept the testimony of nearly all other writers on the subject, upon the ground that Oxenstierna, in his conscientious endeavors to carry out the designs of his dead sovereign, would, *a priori*, have insisted upon the attendance of a religious teacher on an expedition of this character. That Torkillus's bones now rest securely in the cemetery of the Old Swedes' Church of Wilmington, as Acrelius would have us believe, is a matter of less certainty.

‡ Documents relating to Colonial History of New York, vol. xii.

* Founding of New Sweden, by C. T. Odhner.

landed at Fort Christina about six months from the time of leaving Stockholm.* As Printz stopped at Antigua, it is probable that Menewe who is supposed to have come directly here, was not so long in making the voyage.

In 1630 the Dutch had taken possession of the banks of the Delaware, and early in the spring of 1631 planted a colony of more than thirty persons, just within Cape Henlopen, on Lewes creek. Here they built a little fort, and erected the arms of Holland. They named the country Swaanendale, and the water Godyn's Bay. The care of the settlement was entrusted to Gillis Hosset, first governor of Delaware. But Hosset soon fell into altercations with the Indians, who revenged the murder of one of their chiefs in the established Indian fashion, destroying the fort and all of its occupants. From which period the Dutch abandoned this particular locality of Delaware. Menewe landed at Cape Henlopen, and purchased of the Indians the same land which the Dutch, almost the same day, eight years before, had bought. He named the cape Paradise Point. The grant of land included all of that territory on the west side of the river from Cape Henlopen to the falls of Santickan, and extending several days' journey inland,—according to some authorities, “to the great fall of the river Susquehanna, near the mouth of Conewaga creek.”† The land was surveyed by Mäns Kling, and stakes were driven into the ground as landmarks. The deed was written in Dutch, as the Swedes were not yet familiar with the Indian language. It was subscribed to by five Indian chiefs, and sent to Sweden for preservation. Unfortunately the deed was destroyed by the fire of the royal palace at Stockholm in 1697. The Dutch at Fort Nassau protested against this invasion of the Swedes, and Governor Kieft, of New Amsterdam, formally objected, saying: “The whole South River of New Netherland has been many years in our possession, and secured by us above and below by forts, and sealed with our blood. *Which even happened during your administration of New Netherland and is well known to you*, etc. Thus done (Thursday being the 6th of May, Anno 1638).”‡ The South River trade was very important. Two vessels, leaving there in 1644, are said to have had a cargo of twenty-one hundred and twenty packages of beavers, and thirty-six thousand four hundred and sixty-seven pounds of tobacco. There was,

therefore, considering the circumstances, reasonable ground for dispute in the matter. Menewe, however, seems to have disregarded the protest of Kieft, and to have made no allusion to it in his letters home, for he says in a letter to Blommaert that he “travelled some miles into the country, to discover whether there were any Christian people there, and made signals by firing cannon, but received no response to indicate their presence.”* He continued his course up the river to a place called by the Indians Hopockahacking, but named by the Swedes Christina, after their queen, who was then eleven years old. At this point, on Minquas (Christina) Kil, Menewe appears to have determined to remain, from the first; although Vander Donk states that he (Menewe) represented to Vander Nederhorst, the agent of the Dutch West India Company in the South River country, that he was on his way to the West Indies, and had stopped to take in wood and water, after which he should continue his voyage. But upon the return of the Dutch, somewhat later, they found the Swedes cultivating a little garden, the seeds of which had already sprung up. Upon their third visit, they perceived Menewe's intentions to be unmistakable, for he had commenced the erection of a fort. In vain Governor Kieft protested, and at last succumbed. Various reasons are given for this submission, which on the face of it is unaccountable, considering the superior numbers of the Dutch. One writer states that the charter of the Dutch West India Company forbade declaring war with a foreign state or the native Indians, without the consent of the states general of the United Netherlands. Another reason given for Kieft's uncharacteristic mildness on this occasion is the Protestant amity which then existed between the Dutch and Swedes, and which formed a bond of union in that period of disintegration.

The *Kalmars Nyckel* cast anchor at a natural wharf of rocks (foot of Sixth street, Wilmington), and upon these rocks a fort was built, whose southern rampart extended within a few feet of the creek. Directly under its walls, on one side of the creek, was a basin called the harbor, where vessels might lie out of the current, the creek at this point being navigable for large craft. Owing to alluvial deposits, this basin is now filled up, although the original outline as drawn by Lindström, surveyor to Printz's expedition, is still perceptible, and accords with Lindström's plan.† The fort was built on an elevation, accessible, as has been said, to

* Acrelius: History of New Sweden. Vincent: History of Delaware.

† Bancroft: History of the United States, vol. I.

‡ Trans. by Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan: Doc. Rel. to Hist. of N. Y., vol. xii.

* Pennsylvania Magazine, vol. iii, No. 3.

† Vincent's History of Delaware.

large vessels on one side, but otherwise surrounded by bogs and sand-banks. The site is now occupied by the extensive workshops of Wilmington. The fort served for the residence of the garrison, and there was also a structure for the storing of provisions and merchandise. Both were of logs. Subsequent excavations have brought to light an iron bridle from which a portion of the head-stall is broken, and an irregular fragment of a common tin plate. Both of these articles are now in the possession of the Historical Society of Delaware.

Here the Swedes seem to have prospered, for there exists a letter from Governor Kieft, dated July 31, 1638, in which he accuses Menewe of monopolizing the fur trade of the Delaware by underselling the Dutch and conciliating the Indians; and, indeed, the Swedes are said to have exported thirty thousand skins during the first year of their residence in New Sweden. Upon the completion of the fort, and about three months after entering the Delaware, Menewe prepared to return to Sweden. Kieft's letter, mentioned above, also speaks of Menewe's leaving, which would imply that he went sometime in that month (July, 1638). He had taken all precautions for the welfare of the colony in his absence, and left twenty-three men under command of Mäns Kling, and Henrik Huyghen. To Kling was consigned the duties of a military commander, and to Huyghen the care of civil matters. They were directed to defend the fort, and continue the traffic with the Indians. The *Vogel Grip* was sent to the West Indies in advance, to exchange a cargo brought from Gothenburg, and Menewe followed in the *Kalmars Nyckel*. He arrived at the island of St. Christopher in safety, where he exchanged his cargo, and, possibly, met his death. Concerning his fate there is much conflicting evidence. Nearly all writers agree in declaring that he returned to Fort Christina, where, after serving the colony for three years, he died, and was buried. But Prof. Odhner has recently announced this version to be incorrect, for which statement he presents what he believes to be indisputable evidence. In a letter to Blommaert, dated June 8, 1639, Clas Flemings speaks of the necessity of providing a successor to Menewe at Fort Christina; and for his theory that Menewe was lost at sea, Prof. Odhner refers to Blommaert's letters to the chancellor, dated November 13, 1638, and January 28, 1640.* The inferences are as follows: While exchanging his cargo at St. Christopher, Menewe was invited to board a Dutch vessel called *The Flying Deer*, and while thus entertained, one of the

terrific hurricanes known to that country arose, dismantling and foundering many ships. As neither *The Flying Deer* nor any of her crew were ever seen again, it would seem that Menewe must have perished in this manner. The *Kalmars Nyckel* escaped, and took every means for the recovery of her commander, but he was seen no more, and the vessel pursued her way to Sweden. Encountering rough winds which disabled her, she retired to a Dutch port, to await repairs and further orders. The sloop *Vogel Grip* returned to Fort Christina, took in a cargo of furs, and proceeded to Sweden, where she arrived at the close of May, 1639, making the voyage from Christina to Stockholm in five weeks.* The little colony, thus left to itself, became discouraged, and was about to abandon the settlement, when Peter Hollendare was appointed the successor of Menewe, and Clas Fleming assumed the direction of the work in Sweden.

EMMA SHERWOOD CHESTER.

TRUTH AND SLANDER IN FICTION.

First a little story; it is very short.

Esau stole a silver spoon and was punished; it happened in Stockholm. Twenty years later on he fixed up a little grocery shop in one of the small towns of southern Sweden. He prospered. He married. Everybody liked him; everybody except Jacob. Jacob had a groceryshop around the corner, and he could not understand how anybody but he could prosper in that business, for he knew in his heart that he was the man who had found favor before the face of the Lord. He pondered and planned and plotted, and finally he came out in the town paper with the story about the silver spoon, the whole story and all its evidences. Esau's wife took the baby from the cradle, looked wistfully at her husband, and walked away to her mother's house. Esau's customers passed through the street more frequently than they used to, but always on the opposite sidewalk. There was so still in the busy shop that at noon the mouse came out from her hole; she thought it was a holy-day. A week afterward Esau sailed for America.

He settled at Northfield, and, as he knew a very simple but rather ingenious method of keeping eggs fresh for a considerable length of time, he gradually built up a snug little business in eggs. He didn't know that Jacob lived in Southfield. But Jacob, who dealt in lime eggs, soon discovered that once more the wrath of the Lord was de-

* Oxenstierna Papers. Swedish Archives.

* Oxenstierna Papers.

frauded of its vengeance. He smiled, he smirked, and rather a little rashly he rushed into the county paper with the silver spoon story. Esau stood leaning against the wall; he wanted to cry, but he could not, for everything had become stone, within and without. Then one of his customers came to him and said, pointing with the long lean index-finger on the article in the paper: "Suppose it is true. That doesn't make him straight. There is something worse than stealing, worse, because it is harder for the law to hit it, and I am willing to go with you before a jury if you want me to." Other customers came in on the same errand. A suit was brought against Jacob for malicious slander. The case was pleaded with all the pepper and salt to be found in the whole county. But, after being out for a couple of minutes, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Jacob, and the damages were very handsome.

Now for the application; it may be very long.

Mrs. A. Chr. Edgren, a Swedish authoress of great fame, hailed by all Scandinavian newspaper critics as a true representative of the naturalistic school, and doing a brisk business in novels and dramas, with "all rights reserved," Mrs. Edgren tells us in one of her last novels, "*Aurore Bunge*," that on the last ball of the season *Aurore* received two proposals, one from Baron Gripenfeldt, which she immediately declined, because she knew that the baron was a debauched rascal, who simply wanted to marry her in order to pay his debt; and one from Count Kagg, which she begged leave to consider for some time, as she knew that the count was the richest match in Sweden and an honest fellow. Immediately after the ball *Aurore* went into the country. She drank milk, picked flowers, played with the bobolinks, and indulged in all the other elegant pranks which go to make up the summer innocence of a fashionable lady. But one day she thought she would like to make a visit to the light-house, standing aloft on a rock not larger than a button, far away amidst the roaring billows. The keeper of the light-house, who lived there stark alone, was a young man, one of those indescribable sensations which are found only in Swedish novels and P. T. Barnum's advertisements, and when *Aurore* took his hand in stepping from the boat into his cell, she felt that she was doomed. And so she was. A gale came smiting down upon the waters and sent her boat and oarsmen flying for their life to the other corner of the earth. After the gale came a hurricane, and after the hurricane a whirlwind. *Aurore* was alone with the keeper in the light-house for four days and

four nights. But as soon as she arrived home she accepted Baron Gripenfeldt's suit, for she wanted a husband whose good-will and silence could be procured with her money.

Considered simply as a fact, this story may be perfectly true. I can see no reason why such a thing could not have happened even in the higher walks of Swedish society. But in order to make it true also in fiction an explanation is absolutely indispensable, first psychologically, of the connection between the fact and the character, and then socially, of the connections between the character and the soil which has grown it. Without such explanations, no amount of graphic and thrilling descriptions, no amount of tempting and tickling allusions can raise the story, poetically, above the level of the common dime novel. A writer of the old school may think light of this demand, for his principal aim is the moral elevation of his readers, and to him the good intention becomes an almost unassailable castle. He may reduce the whole controversy to the somewhat curious question: whether or not there is somewhere in the world a maiden who needs being taught that it is dangerous to spend four days and four nights in a light-house alone with the keeper, and he may insist upon having a verdict in accordance with the answer to that question. Quite otherwise with the writer of the modern school. The naturalistic school has planted itself upon the idea that the working of nature, in the widest sense of the word, including history, can be satisfactorily explained by itself, without the hypothesis of the existence of a supernatural agency. To flood the universe with the light of this new idea, to uncover a new world to the sight and form a new eye to see it, to create a new and more powerful fiction from this closer contact of matter and mind, that is what the naturalistic school will and why it has come. But hence it follows that the mere report of a naked fact is, in fiction, nothing but a plain piece of slander.

I wish you a good appetite.

DR. TILLBURY.

GENERAL RULES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF SCANDINAVIAN PROPER NAMES.

As all proper names ought to be pronounced as they are in the languages where they belong, the few following general rules for the sounds of the alphabet used in the Scandinavian or Norse languages are here given.

Every vowel or diphthong makes a syllable,

unless it is doubled; doubling the vowel generally lengthens the sound.

The syllables are generally divided by letting all the consonants that can be pronounced together go to the following vowel.

The Scandinavian languages have no silent letters, except the letter *h* before *j*, *r*, and *v*, and after *t*, and in Swedish the letters *l*, *d*, and *g* before *j*. Before *r* and *j*, however, the *h* may be aspirated or left silent at pleasure.

The letter *j* is generally silent after *g* and *k* in the Danish language. The letter *d* is always silent after *n* in Danish, but never in Swedish.

VOWELS AND DIPHTHONGS.

A vowel is generally long when followed by a single consonant, but short when followed by two or more; still, there are numerous exceptions, especially in monosyllables.

a has always the same sound as the English *a* in *father*, *arm*, *palm*.

aa or *â* has the sound of *a* in *raw*, *maw*.

The letter *æ* or *ä* has the long sound of *a* in *brave*, *fate*, *ale*.

e is like *e* in *hen*, *then*, *men*, etc.

ee lengthens the *e* sound above and makes it nearly like *e* in *there*, *where*, etc.

ei has the long sound of *i* in English, as in *find*, *bind*, etc.

i has the sound of *i* in *spin*, *pin*, etc.

ii is long, and has the sound of *ee* in *feet*, *keen*, etc.

ia has the same sound as *ia* in *Christian*.

ie or *je* has nearly the sound of *yea* in English.

o is generally the same as *o* in the English words *old*, *grown*, etc., but like *a* in *raw*, *thaw*, etc., when followed by two or more consonants.

æ or *ö* has the sound of *u* in *burn*, *urn*, etc.

oi is sounded as the same diphthong in English, as in *oil*, *boil*, etc.

ou is also like the English *ou* in *out*, *hound*, etc.

u is sounded as *u* in *rude*, *crude*, etc.

y has a peculiar sound which cannot be given, as it has no equivalent in English. It corresponds to the German *ü* and the French *u*. The nearest approach that can be given to its proper sound is as it is found in *cyst*, *lyric*, *nymph*, *crystal*.

CONSONANTS.

b, *c*, *f*, *h*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *v*, *x*, and *z* are used and have the same value as in English, except the letter *h* as noted above, and the letter *k* and its combinations, as used in the Swedish language, and specified below.

d has the same sound as in English at the beginning of a word or syllable, but in Danish it has a softer sound at the end, almost like *th* in *heath*, *smooth*, etc.

g is hard when it begins a word or syllable, as in *give* and *grow*, except in the Swedish language before *e*, *i*, *ä* and *ö*, when it has the sound of the English *y* when used as a consonant, as in *yield*; it is softer at the end, as in *song*, *long*.

j at the beginning of a word or syllable has the same sound and value as *y* when used as a consonant in English, as in *yield*, *year*, *yawn*; in Danish, *j*, preceded by a consonant, is often interchanged with *i* before all the vowels, and then it has the *i* or *y* sound when the latter is used as a vowel.

The following rules apply to the Swedish language only:

f at the end of a word or syllable, has the sound of *v*, while in the combination *fv* in the middle of a word, it is silent.

k before *a*, *o*, *u*, and *ä* has the same sound as in English, but before *e*, *i*, *ä*, and *ö* it is pronounced like *h* in *heav*.

kj and *tj* are pronounced the same as noted for *k*.

sk is used like the same combination in English before *a*, *o*, *u*, and *ä*, but before *e*, *i*, *ä* and *ö*, is like *sh* in *ship*, *show*.

skj, *sj*, and *stj* are pronounced exactly like the English *sh*.

To illustrate the above, we give the names of three well known authors, whose names seem to be quite unpronounceable to English-speaking people:

Björnstjerne Björnson—B'yurn-st'yearn-ney B'yurn-son.

Hjalmar Hjort Boyesen—Yalmar Yort Boyesen.

Nordenskiöld—Nor-den-shuld.

JNO. B. MILLER.

HENRIK IBSEN.

V.

[Conclusion.]

Great poets do not pass their days and nights on the cloudy top of Helicon, looking at the fantastic dances of the Muses: they are children of their time and their nationality; the great questions which in any period press for a solution, also knock at the door of the poet, and he, like his brother, the philosopher, opens widely the gates, and gives them entrance and hearing. It is the ability to take the problems of to-day and to shape

them into a form, giving them lasting value for centuries, which makes the poet. The voice that speaks in the silence of night, and in the busy turmoil of the day, in the bosom of his people, finds its expression in the work of the poet. No—he does not while away his days in dreamy self-oblivion, on lofty heights far above human sufferings and human joys; his life is a continuous march upward and forward; but he does not walk alone; both his hands are stretched backward to take hold of the people, the masses behind him, and to drag them, to lift them up with him.

Ibsen has pictured the political life in Norway in two dramas: "*De Unges Forbund*" ("The Society of the Young") and "*En Folkefjende*" ("An Enemy of the People"). They have, however, a mere local interest, and are, therefore, of proportionately little significance to the international reader. Yet it is interesting to notice the characterization of the average politician of the middle part of this century, such as he appeared in Norway and Denmark. He is pictured in the lawyer Stensgaard—a man not over-scrupulous, born out of the middle class, with an ambition which overshadows his faculty of judgment, and a liberality which suffers no superiors, and as many inferiors as possible. Mr. Stensgaard is a typical delineation of those demagogues who ascended to the highest political power by means of phrases of liberty and equality, and who, arrived at the top of the social ladder, suddenly turned conservative, saying: "The power has come to our class; of course we do not want to go farther." Mr. Stensgaard is the Norwegian Rabelais, and it is characteristic of the political situation in Norway and Denmark, that the prophecy of Ibsen, in the latter part of his drama, is fulfilled. It sounds thus: "Within a few years, Mr. Stensgaard will be a member of the council of the king." In the latter of his two political dramas, "An Enemy of the People," Ibsen does not fear to call the attention of his contemporaries to this fact; Stensgaard does not personally appear on the stage, but he is spoken of as "state-councillor." It is here only of interest to notice that our poet shares the opinion of Mr. Matthew Arnold, that the many are generally wrong, and that the truth is confined within a small circle of earnest men and women. This statement was ridiculously misunderstood by popular politicians of Denmark and Norway, as Mr. Arnold's famous lecture was misunderstood by the demagogues of America. By a statement like this, no attack is necessarily made on universal suffrage. Only by feasting at the fruits of liberty, can the masses be

educated to a worthy use of their political rights; only through the dreadful lessons of experience, do men and nations become self-conscious, prudent, and wise. But the truth must, nevertheless, be recognized; and the conclusion which Ibsen reaches is the one shared by all men of to-day who did not make the success of their life dependent on the shifting opinions of the great masses, and who do not seek to keep their positions by gross flatteries of the ignorant classes. We all remember the words of Mr. Herbert Spencer: "The fact disclosed by a survey of the past, that majorities usually have been wrong, must not blind us to the complementary fact, that majorities have not been entirely wrong."

The question of the personal rights of the individual is at present far more prominent than any question of his or her greater or smaller political rights. Social problems cannot be solved through legislation; it can only in part remedy the errors and injustices of the past. The negro race in America did not become free by the Proclamation of Emancipation; it is certainly not free even at this day; freedom is not congruent with the right to vote, nor with any other mere political right. The question of true liberty is a social problem. Greater than any question of to-day, more pressing and more urgent is the emancipation of woman. The development of society has come to a standstill; the machinery of the social structure will not pass the present dead point except by earnest and serious attempts to solve this problem; and it cannot be solved by any legislation; it is not a question of right to vote or right to fill government offices, or right to study the different branches of science at the universities; it is a far more complicated and intricate question. It touches the mental condition of every man and woman of the present and the future. A revolution must take place in the minds of most men and women; but it will take years and years to accomplish such a revolution. Generation after generation must toil to remedy the cruelty and the wrongs of centuries; and every attempt of the great men of the present to throw some light on the question must be hailed with exultations.

In his drama, "*Et Dukkehjem*" ("A Doll House"), Henrik Ibsen has taken up the most difficult point in the world-spread discussion of the subjection of woman: the question of the true and ideal relation between husband and wife. The entire drama, the technical part of which is only equalled by the best works of great French masters of scenic art, is an earnest admonition to his

contemporaries. When at the close of the drama, Nora, the heroine, leaves her husband and her children to go out in the dark night, out in the wide world, alone, inexperienced, and broken-hearted,—a shudder seizes the audience; but every honest man and woman must, after due consideration, say: "Yes, she is right!" A new moral is preached here. The word duty, misused by the theologians and the sombre moralists of many centuries, has here received a new definition. When Nora's husband asks if she does not feel under any obligation toward him and their children, her answer comes with that power of conviction which forebodes a new era: "First, I have duties toward myself as a human being!" Here is the point around which the whole discussion turns. Are the interests, the mental features of the husband and the wife, not alike to such an extent that they can grow and develop together, then their marriage is immoral, though it be sanctioned by all the dogmas of the church, by all the formulas of society. "I cannot stay under the roof of a stranger," Nora says to her husband. And indeed he is a stranger to her; the night in which this conversation takes place is the first time they have been sitting together "talking as husband and wife." But he is no brute, no drunkard. On the contrary, the poet has endowed him with most of the characteristics of the educated man of to-day: he adores his wife; he loves their children; he has taken good care of his family, and has now succeeded in reaching a free and independent position; he has æsthetic interests; his language is finished and polite; *but he lacks entirely respect for the individuality of his wife*; she is like a doll, a puppet in his hands; a plaything, certainly the finest, the dearest, the most beloved, valued far above books and money and all other pleasures, but still an object of pleasure. He takes it as a matter of course that he must be her guardian, her conscience, so to speak. But when her individuality awakes, when she commences to realize that life must be understood by each person who will live truly and honestly; when she sees that her father, first, and her husband, later, have kept her in a cage far away from the real world, and thus from real life, then she lifts her head and demands the right which every human soul possesses,—the right to live her own life. No ties, no obligations avail. She shudders at the thought that she has lived year after year with a man of whom she knew so little, a man who at a critical point in her life feared the slander and stigma of the world, a man whose ideas were so very different from hers. She can-

not stay even to daybreak with him; she feels that it would pollute the true ideal which is born in her bosom; and she leaves him. What she leaves behind her, what she loses, is evident to all; what she gains, but few men and women of to-day are able truly to realize; the prejudice of society and the blind faith in the teachings of the church, have thus obscured the eyes of the generation.

The appearance of this drama created an immense excitement all through the Scandinavian countries, and gave rise to a series of discussions in which, of course, the sensible were in a sad minority. It is given few men to witness real practical results of their work, and this is especially true in regard to the poets; but this drama of Ibsen's had not been published for six months before the example of Nora was followed by many great-minded and brave women. A new light was thrown over the relation between husband and wife; it opened the eyes of those who hitherto had failed in their life to grasp the ideal; and it will warn and guide all the young who have not yet married. Ibsen pitches his ideal high. In his demands he is more rigid and more moral than any of his innumerable antagonists who, just on account of this and his succeeding drama, accuse him of immorality. No state, no law, no church, can ever sanction a life between a man and a woman; it can only be done by that love which is born out of mutual respect and common sympathies and antipathies in all æsthetic, ethical, and religious questions.

"A Doll House" was, in 1882, followed by a drama called "Ghosts." Why this strange title? Are we to revert to the fantastic and romantic poetry of the first half of this century? Oh, no! No ghosts appear on the stage. The drama treats of the horror which lies hidden in the sentence that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the child. The inseparable connection between the individual and the family and generation to which he belongs, is here made the subject of an almost tragically sad drama. The only strong-minded person in the play, Mrs. Alving, who, through the sufferings of an incongenial marriage, has developed into a woman standing on the heights of the culture of the present age, thus expresses that sentiment of the poet which made him choose this strange title: "I almost believe we are ghosts, all of us, Reverend Sir. It is not only what we have inherited from father and mother which haunts us; it is all kinds of old dead opinions and all sorts of old buried beliefs. They have no living force in us, but

they are there, nevertheless, and we cannot get rid of them. When I take a newspaper and read it, it is as if I saw ghosts steal in between the lines. There must live ghosts all over the country." Who feels not behind these words the cry of horror, which, in every individual, follows the sad discovery that strong chains confine us to the soil, the generation, the time that bore us. Mrs. Alving has through her life suffered so much that thoughts and sentiments have crystallized into wonderfully strong and clear forms. She is the organ through which the poet addresses his contemporaries. How sad the life on which she looks back! Married, half against and half with her consent, to a young, rich, and licentious man, she discovered within a year after the day of her marriage how degrading it would be to the true woman in her to stay with this husband; and at the same time breaks forth in her heart a germ of deep love for another man. She leaves her husband; she seeks this other man; she says: "Here I am; take me!" Poor woman! Also here she is deceived. The man on whom she calls in her utmost distress fears the thousand-tongued slander of the world; he was brought up in the false doctrines of duty under which hundreds and thousands of the present generation suffer. Even twenty-five years later, he calls it the greatest victory of his life that he at that time forsook and brought the wife back to her husband, brought her back to a life, the horrible details of which only are dimly discerned. And Mrs. Alving was obliged to live the disgraceful life of that man's wife, who freely indulged in all the liberties which the false opinions of a bigot world tolerate in man and condemn in woman. "I had never kept up if I had not had my work. Yes, I dare say, forsooth, I have worked." Work was the only wall between her and the horrors of insanity. But through this earnest and active work she learned to know the world. She saw that principles and opinions which, hitherto, had been looked upon as sacred, were the chief hinderances to the happiness and development of the individual. When, in the course of the drama, she speaks to the reverend Pastor Manders, the very man whom she sought in that terrible moment of her life, the man who still boasts of his behavior at that time, she dares to tell him that it was a great crime committed against both of them. Against the command of his creed, against the opinion of society, she places the right of the individual.

MRS. ALVING.

When you forced me back unto that which you called duty and obligation; when you praised that as right and

good against which my mind revolted as against something horrid; then I commenced to scrutinize your doctrines. I only touched one single knot; but when it was untied, all fell into pieces.

PASTOR MANDERS.

Should this be the result of the fiercest struggle in my life?

MRS. ALVING.

You ought rather to call it your most miserable defeat.

PASTOR MANDERS.

It was the greatest victory of my life,—a victory over myself.

MRS. ALVING.

It was a great crime against both of us.

PASTOR MANDERS.

That I advised you and said: Woman, go home to your legal husband!—when you bewildered came to me and exclaimed: Here I am, take me! . . . Was that a crime?

MRS. ALVING.

Yes, it seems so to me.

PASTOR MANDERS.

We two do not understand each other.

Two different views on life, on moral and ethical questions, stand here face to face. Where the sympathy of the poet is, he has left beyond all doubt.

Yet, this life in honest industry and work has not hidden to the eyes of the unfortunate woman the fact, that behind her whole life stands a horrible want of personal courage. "I was a coward," she says. Again and again she returns to this self-accusation. When the man in whom she trusted, confident that their mutual love would lift them high above the slanders of the world, proved a miserable coward, her soul got the death-blow, her courage was bent, was crushed. From the moment she returned to her husband, the sole object of her life was to throw a veil over his excesses—"irregularities," as the reverend minister with a true forgiving Christian spirit calls them,—and this want of personal moral courage revenges itself cruelly on the unfortunate woman. The punishment reaches the one on whom all the tenderness of her heart has been bestowed, her son, her beloved Osvald. She sent him out from the house as soon as he was old enough to understand what was going on around him. To the eyes of the external world she could hide the misery of her life; but she saw clearly that the son would suffer by growing up in the company of the father. Therefore he was educated among strangers, therefore he was sent abroad to study art, and the farther he went from her, the more

intense grew her feelings for him. What a day of joy it is when he returns, after the death of her husband!—a joy which only should last for a short time. Oswald is not only her son; he is the son of her husband, of that man whose life was swayed by every vile passion, and the sins of the father are visited upon the son. When the curtain falls, at the end of the drama, he is seen sitting like an idiot, attacked by an incurable insanity, while the unfortunate mother stands in doubt if she shall fulfill his last demand to her: give him the dose of poison which at once will end all his miseries.

The technique in this gloomy drama is admirable; each character stands clear and distinct on the sombre background; each sentence is as hewn into marble, and comes with the ring of truth and conviction. Listen, how the poet describes a certain class of his contemporaries:

OSVALD.

Do you know when and where I met with immorality in the company of artists abroad?

PASTOR MANDERS.

No; God be blessed!

OSVALD.

Well, I will take the liberty to tell you. I found it when some of our exemplary husbands and fathers went abroad and looked around for themselves; then they honored the artists by visiting them in their frugal restaurants. Then we got news. Those gentlemen knew to tell both of places and events of which we never dreamed.

PASTOR MANDERS.

How! will you insist upon that honest men from this country should . . . ?

OSVALD.

Did you never hear such honest men returning home speak of the increasing immorality abroad?

PASTOR MANDERS.

Yes, certainly.

OSVALD.

You can take their words for it, indeed. There are experts amongst them. . . . Oh, the beautiful, the amazing life in liberty abroad, that it shall be thus polluted!

And how is the question, now lively and widely discussed in Norse literature, not concentrated in the following few sentences?—

PASTOR MANDERS.

Horrible to think; for the sake of three hundred dirty dollars he married a fallen woman.

MRS. ALVING.

How do you then judge of me, who married a fallen man?

PASTOR MANDERS.

What is it you say—a fallen man?

MRS. ALVING.

Do you perhaps believe that Mr. Alving was purer when I went with him to the altar, than Johanne was when Engstrand married her?

It is due here to state that both "A Doll House" and "Ghosts" were written several years before Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson published "The Glove." The originality of Ibsen's two greatest works might else be doubted.

By the two last-mentioned dramas Henrik Ibsen has enlisted in the army of poets and philosophers who preach a new gospel to a wearied world. The prospects of a near and universal victory are but few; but the conviction which lives in the minds of the men of the present era is strong and will last through centuries. Truth cannot be suppressed. The view upon life which is propagated in modern poetry and modern philosophy must conquer, because in it alone is found the seed which, when grown into a tree, will give shade and shelter to future generations. The life work of Ibsen is not finished; possibly it has hardly yet commenced. There are in his last works hosts of promises, and he is strong and self-composed and will fulfill them. May these articles only furnish the background on which reviews of future works of our poet may be placed! Bjørnson and Ibsen are about contemporaries. Bjørnson was early recognized and hailed as a great poet. Ibsen was late in being understood. Therefore two different generations found their poetical interpretation in these two men. May these articles serve as an expression of gratitude for what Henrik Ibsen has been and is for hundreds and thousands of those Norse men and women to whom the future belongs, because truth became the guiding star of their lives! And may it be granted their dear poet often to speak to them and to strengthen their souls in a world haunted by dead dogmas and putrified beliefs!

THORKILD A. SCHOVELIN.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA OF A NORTHERN ZONE.

FROM THE DANISH OF HOLGER DRACHMANN, BY TH. A. SCHOVELIN
AND FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

(Continued.)

Captain Spang, leaning on his staff, walked down the crooked path leading around the outskirts of the town, to the smithy. Perhaps it was his foot that pained him; perhaps he hesitated for other reasons. At any rate, he stood still, and reflected whether he should go straight through the yard to the house, or around the fence to the

smithy. He knew there was usually a dog in the yard; he did not hear him, but undoubtedly he was there, and he did not care to have his arrival announced by such a cur, perhaps causing people to look out at him while he was crossing the yard. Certainly the captain was Captain Andreas Spang; he could stand both the dog's barking at him and people staring at him. But to-day he was a little sensitive; the reason for his coming there was of so delicate a nature.

He went around the fence, and paused again. One of the big gates leading to the smithy was thrown open, and behind this the captain stood and looked into the smithy through the partly open door. No dog barked in the yard; but inside were seated two silent men—the smith on the anvil, with naked and swarthy arms crossed over his breast, and old Jacob on an overturned bucket, his eyes blinking beneath the visor of his cap, and slowly rubbing his pointed knees with his skinny hands.

They seemed to have been in this position for some time.

The smith now arose and looked at Jacob.

The old Lookout man drew his head between his shoulders in a manner even more bird-like than usual, before this glance, extending the palms of his hands out to the sides as if he would say: "Well, I am blameless."

"What must come, will come!" Jacob ventured to remark.

The smith sent him a glance from his dark eyes.

"Silence! Who says that this should come? Who says it?" and he thundered as if he had long been waiting to get air. "Who says that you shall sit here and preach? Nobody can preach the boy to life again. Who says that the boy is dead? What does it signify, if we have found some fragments of a yawl? There are many such yawls in this region, and the boy was out with a sailor. Yes, it was a shameful thing in the captain to entice my boy away, but that arrogant skipper is a sailor; that must be admitted. And a sailor always lets some vessel pick him up; he does not take to drowning himself because he is driven away from land by a storm, else the fishermen on this coast would be drowning every moment. I think the boy is living; he shall be, must be, living, do you understand? But let him come here, let him come here, I say; and even if he come in the pocket of that arrogant Captain Spang, then . . ."

Here the smith shook his fist, and kicked the big hammer so that he split the toe of his slipper.

"What then? if I may ask. Are you mad, man?"

The captain's heavy figure stood in the doorway. He had heard the threats that were uttered, and he was himself again.

"Well, God be praised!" said old Jacob; but nevertheless he moved his tub back against the wall, taking all possible results into consideration.

The smith surveyed the new-comer.

His bosom heaved, and the muscles of his face twitched, before he regained command of his temper.

He said ironically: "The eavesdropper seldom hears himself mentioned by pet names. But otherwise, you shall have thanks, Captain Spang, for what you have done. That is, if you have not returned home without" (here the smith gasped for the word) "without my boy!"

It was a moment before the captain, in his turn, could speak. All his blood rushed up into his head, and surged in his cheeks and under his eyelids. He stood and pressed his staff against the earthen floor. Old Jacob almost disappeared beneath the visor of his cap. The smith grew pale, and looked toward the ground.

"Well, then," he muttered, "speak, but speak straight out; come, out with it, Captain Spang! Tønnes, my poor boy, is dead!"

"Does the devil ride you, man? Well, come to the wind!" cried the captain. "The boy is safe at home in my house. Now give me your fist!"

The captain's eyes were moist. The smith, with averted face, stretched out his hand reluctantly. Old Jacob arose. The smith said:

"I thank you for having brought my son back again; but I do not thank you for having spoiled him!"

"Spoiled him! Are you mad?"

"We can never make a craftsman of him, after this trip."

"No, I should think not, and, what is more, I shall look to that."

"Shall you?"

"Yes."

The two men gazed into each other's eyes. They were the two strongest wills and stiffest necks of this coast measuring each other.

"Captain Spang!" began old Jacob. "Captain Spang, you do not know the smith, but I do. Take it coolly. Take it . . ."

"Hold your tongue, you old scarecrow!" cried the captain jovially, and laughing as he again reached out for the smith's black hand. "Now I

will tell both of you what kind of a boy you have kept shut up in this sooty coal-hole, and in Master Jonassen's sweat-box. Listen !"

And Captain Andreas Spang told his story.

The smith was again seated on the anvil. At first he had crossed his arms as before ; but by-and-by, as the narrator advanced in his uncolored description, he let first the under hand fall, and then both hands sank down and grasped his knees, and the heels of his slippers began clapping together, and his trunk and head were stretched forward as he listened, and his eyes sparkled under their brows, until at last, at the close of the story, he drew a deep sigh, a sigh of paternal pride, and muttered as the captain finished :

"Yes, it must be so !"

"Yes, it must, I swear !" said Jacob Bunke.

"It is quite plain !" exclaimed Captain Spang. "We will speak of that again. Now I will send the boy home to you, and then I must get some liniment for my leg, or I shall have to hop around like a magpie for the balance of my life — just like that old fellow there ; and a ship's deck is a bad place for that."

The captain was gone. There was no dog to bark at him as he crossed the yard. Prussian had, only the day before, torn himself away ; restlessness had reigned in the house, and in the minds of all ; and this restlessness had communicated itself to the dog.

Like mothers, and people in love, animals have fine instincts.

The smithy was closed. The smith had intended to finish a job ; but to-day, like yesterday, there was no real power in his work. Jacob remained at the house with him. This morning, for the first time in his life, the old Lookout man neglected his business.

But what beautiful and quiet weather it was !

Yes, the weather was beautiful, quiet, autumn-clear, and tempting, this forenoon. The two young folks in the captain's house had felt this. It seemed an eternity before the father returned ; and at last Nanna, to satisfy her own as well as Tønnes' impatience concerning the result in the smithy, proposed a little walk in the forest.

The boy obeyed blindly. "What is to be, will be," he said, with some of old Jacob's philosophy. Then they ran swiftly around the village, toward the forest.

How quiet it was here ! At first their feet cracked the small twigs on the dry sandy soil in the outskirts ; but by-and-by, as they got deeper into the forest, their feet found moss and soft grass

to tread upon. Then they took each other's hands, and walked more slowly. What course should they take ? They followed a narrow path leading to a small swamp surrounded by birches. Nanna was the first to release the hand-clasp. She was warm, she said. The path ran close by the swamp. There was no water in it, but beautiful fresh-green grass in small tufts ; the birches stood scattered around, now and then waving their pendent leaves as if the trees were suddenly stirred by some remembrance. The two threw themselves down near the road, and looked for a while upon the scene. There was a fragrance of birch and of the forester's hay. They inhaled the odor as they stretched themselves on the ground. They heard one of the forester's cows browsing around some distance out in the swamp ; but they could not see her on account of the alders and birches. They felt the sun shining so blessedly warm straight down on them through the trees ; but they were content where they lay, and had no mind to move. They heard the little birds warbling far away in the forest, as though calling and answering each other ; and when the birds paused, they heard the flies humming and buzzing at a point a little distance from them on the road, where a number of scarabees had gathered. They moved away a little, as though by a silent understanding. But when they lay down again, the conversation would not go on.

"Listen !" said she ; "sing something !"

Tønnes looked up, frightened.

"I cannot sing."

"Nonsense. Everyone can sing. Sing something,— but no smith's songs !"

She laughed, and looked roguishly at him. Tønnes grew a little embarrassed ; but she was not to be denied. He looked around, half rising and leaning on his hands ; and when he had satisfied himself that no being besides the cow, which was now seen out in the swamp, could hear him, and possibly criticize him, he sang, only half-aloud :

"Father is out at sea,
Grandsire chops in the shed ;
Lullaby, baby, my boy,
Here in thy cradle-bed.

"Rest thee now on thy pillow,
Rest, till thy sleep is done ;
Mother sits at her spinning-wheel,
But all the others are gone.

"Father will bring thee pebbles,
Yellow, and blue, and gray ;
Grandsire will make a horse for thee,
Then thou must mount and away.

"Mother can bring thee nothing;
She stays at home with thee;
She can only sing for her sailor-boy
A song of the restless sea."

"But that is a cradle-song!" said Nanna.
Tönnnes grew red.

"I did not know any other."

"No, it is not good for anything," said the girl. "It is for very small children—or dolls."

"Now you must sing!"

"Well, let me see." She hesitated for a moment; then she sat up with feet bent under her like a Turk, and smoothed her dress over her knees.

She sang:

"There were eleven gallant suitors
Rode out to woo a maiden fair;
In the early morn they had made them ready,
And trimmed their beards and dressed their hair.
Away! away! now forth we ride
To win the maiden for our bride;
But the maiden laughed when the throng she spied:
'Yes, all can saddle, but few can ride.'

"There were eleven gallant suitors
Who spoke to her of their bosom's pain;
And all together they claimed her favor,
And turned, and bowed, and turned them again.
'But only one at a time may speak,
And only singly my favor seek.'
Then the suitors suddenly silent grew:
It is not so easy a maiden to woo.

"There were eleven gallant suitors
Who stood in confusion and could not speak;
Till the youngest of all stepped up to the maiden:
'Yes, you are the one whom I came to seek.'
Then he drew his knife from the sheath at his waist,
And against her bosom its point he placed:
But the maiden laughed, for that token she knew:
'Yes, I'll take him for my lover true.'

"It was a strange song," said Tönnnes, scratching his head.

She laughed.

"It is one of the songs that father sings. It is true, he says that I must not always hear him; but I think I may remember this; indeed, I could not help remembering it!"

Tönnnes began thinking. At home in the smithy no songs were heard; at most, some fragment of an old soldier's ballad was hummed. There were a few religious songs from his dear, quiet mother's time, which he did not remember perfectly, and which were much too slow for him. The cradle-song was a kind of contraband piece, which, after the mother's death, had been smuggled in by the girl who took care of him. Once it had been sternly forbidden by the father. Perhaps it was

for this reason that the son kept it so well in his memory.

No, what Nanna sung could not be wrong; besides, Captain Spang had himself taught her the song.

"Well, now let us play with the scarabees."

It was Nanna who proposed this.

Tönnnes preferred to go home. Really, he thought it high time. But to oppose anything which Nanna proposed, was impossible. And so they began playing with the scarabees.

He did not understand the game, nor, perhaps, did he find it so very amusing. But Nanna knew it, and it amused her. Each took a small twig, laid it across the road, and stopped the scarabees which came crawling lazily to and from their dinner-table. By-and-by both of them grew alike eager at the game—as often happens when the original passion of one party has a stimulating effect upon another.

They caught two fine large scarabees, separated them from the others, and sentenced them to grow very old, and with their twigs they made any escape for them impossible, except by climbing over each others' backs. Nanna and Tönnnes laughed loudly when the scarabees tumbled down and lay helpless on their backs, with their legs sprawling in the air. Tönnnes wanted to get some more scarabees. He thought it possible to bring about a small war between the lazy animals, just as between the boys on the beach, if they only took sufficient pains. He sprang up, and in doing so he set one of his heels heavily on the girl's left hand, which was stretched out flat upon the gravel of the road, while the other one held the twig.

She cried out with pain. Tönnnes quickly removed his foot, and stood staring at her in affright. She was on her knees, sobbing very softly. Tönnnes could not say a word. Now she placed the wounded hand under her apron, rose like lightning to her feet, and stood before him.

"Clown!" she cried, and struck him with her switch across the face.

He retreated, and lifted his hand to his cheek. He let his twig fall. The blood rushed to his head. He tried to speak, but could not. Then he turned and dashed like an arrow through the forest.

She looked after him, uncertainly. What had happened? He had stepped on her hand with all his weight, that stupid, awkward boy—that smith's boy. Oh, how it pained her! Now it first really pained her. She began weeping, and looked at her hand; and the more she looked at the red swollen fingers scratched by the gravel under his

shoe, the more she wept and the more angry she was with him. Her tears fell on the hand. They cooled at first, but heated afterward. With her handkerchief she wiped the gravel from her fingers, looked around, and picked a handful of wild wood-sorrel, moist from growing in the shade between the leaves of last year, and no doubt useful for such a purpose. She laid the sorrel on the hand, tied her kerchief around it, and then at last looked for Tönnnes. She could not see him. Well, he might go, the foolish Tönnnes.

She was alone. There was no one even to pity her; but she needed no one to pity her. Yet when she came home to her father she would say—no, she would not say anything. But Tönnnes should beg her pardon. Certainly he should!

She went through the forest in the direction he had taken. He had a good start of her. She was provoked. She began to call, loud, still louder. Nobody answered. But behind her, in the opposite direction, she heard a barking far away. She stopped. Yes, surely it was a dog barking. Dogs were not allowed to come into the forest, she knew; and she could not be so near the house of the forester. She cried again, more loudly: "Tönnnes! do you hear, Tönnnes!" and then a dog came leaping through the brushes behind her. She turned around quickly. It was Prussian.

He showed the greatest joy at meeting her. He sprang upon her, so that she had to guard her wounded hand; he laid himself down, peeped up at her, then jumped up, poking his muzzle into the earth, circled around her, snuffing, and seemed to look for somebody in her company.

He had grown gaunt and lean during these days. A remnant of the chain still hung from his collar. Nanna felt compassion for him. She called him, stroked his hard head, and said, with a little smile: "Yes, look for him!"

He understood her very well. He rushed to one side and to the other, and darted forward. Then he disappeared, and soon was heard barking. She ran after him. He was on the scent. She followed.

To run oneself warm is a good cure for anger and irritation. When she stopped to breathe, she only reflected that she had struck Tönnnes, who had heedlessly stepped on her, and who had saved her father's life. Now Prussian barked more furiously, and rushed ahead. There, behind a tree, Tönnnes was standing. The dog leaped upon him. Nanna ran thither. Tönnnes tried to escape, but she threw her arms around his neck and said: "For shame! Would you run away from me?"

With arms about each other, the two half-grown children walked through the forest, down the path leading to the smithy. They did not talk much; Tönnnes least. When they approached the smithy, he offered to release her, but she held him fast. The dog did his best to entertain them with his capers. Tönnnes encouraged him with exclamations, possibly to avoid having to entertain his companion himself.

On the step outside of the smith's house the smith and old Jacob were standing. With a quite unusual want of respect, the latter poked the silent smith in the side, and pointed toward the road on which the young couple were approaching.

The smith opened his eyes wide, and something like a smile appeared under his swarthy cap.

"Take your elbow away," he said quickly, to remedy his own self-forgetfulness. Old Jacob smirked, and dropped his arm.

In such a company, and in the beautiful quiet weather, Tönnnes appeared beneath his father's roof.

[To be continued.]

THE SIOUX WAR IN 1862.

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF SCANDINAVIAN SETTLERS IN MINNESOTA.

The different Sioux tribes, or Dakotahs, were in 1851 induced to sign treaties by which they transferred to the United States more than thirty millions of acres, embracing all their lands in Iowa, Dakota, and Minnesota, except a tract along the Upper Minnesota river, which they reserved for their future occupancy and home. This commenced just below Fort Ridgely, and extended one hundred and fifty miles to Lake Traverse, with a width of ten miles on each side of the river.

The senate in 1852 approved the treaty, provided that the Indians would agree to an amendment by which the reservation should also be ceded, and they be located on such land as the president should select, and to this the Indians assented. The president never having made the selection contemplated, and the Indians having removed to the reservation stipulated in the first treaties, the government recognized their right to this tract, and in 1858, by treaties which were approved in 1860, purchased from them the portion of the tract located on the north side of the river. They continued to reside on the remainder, the Mdewakantons and Wahpekutas occupying in common all the land below the Yellow Medicine river, which was called the "Lower Reservation," and the Wahpeton and Sisseton tribes the part above the river, which was styled the "Upper Reservation."

Pursuant to these and other treaties, large amounts of money and goods were annually delivered to the Indians, and labor performed for their benefit. To superintend these matters an agent resided among them, and two places for the transaction of business were established, one fourteen miles above Fort Ridgely, on the Minnesota river, and known as the "Lower" or "Redwood Agency,"

and the other at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine, and designated as the "Upper" or "Yellow Medicine Agency."

Over the soil which the Indians had sold, civilization made rapid strides. From Ireland, Germany, Norway and Sweden, and many other countries of the Old World, and from every part of the New, came a quarter of a million people, and made the land their home. Through the once quiet waters of Lake Pepin, past the tall cliff from which Winona had taken her death-leap, countless steamboats puffed their way, and within earshot of the cave where Carver heard the Dahkotahs moaning and weeping for their departed, the locomotive uttered its harsh scream. Far and wide, where the buffalo once roamed, herds of cattle and the quiet sheep-flock grazed, and the plowman turned the glebe. The scaffolding on which the Indian placed his dead passed away, and the cemetery, with its cross and white marbles, took its place. Almost within stone's-throw of the reservation was the prosperous German town of New Ulm, and emigrants thronged in even upon the land not vacated by the treaty of 1858.

Under such circumstances the Indians were predisposed to hostility toward the white intruders. They looked upon them with that feeling of repugnance which nature has implanted as an instinct in every people and as a preservative against the loss of its independence, when coming into contact with nations of higher civilization and intelligence. This inborn feeling was increased by the enormous prices charged by the traders for goods, by their debauchery of Indian women, and the sale of bad liquors,* which were attended by drunken brawls that often resulted fatally to the participants. And besides, the stipulations of the treaties were never carried fairly out. Most of the large amount due according to them, went into the pockets of traders, government officials, and other swindlers. The Dahkotahs had nearly disposed of all their land, and received next to nothing for it. Their sufferings from hunger were often severe, especially during the winter and spring previous to the outbreak in 1862. "We are poor," said the Indian chief Red Iron to Gov. Sibley; "you have plenty. Your fires are warm; your teepees keep out the cold. We have nothing to eat. We have been waiting a long time for our money. A great many of our people are sick from hunger. We may die because you won't pay us. We may die, but if we do we will leave our bones on the ground, that our Great Father may see where his Dahkotah children died. We are very poor; we have sold our hunting-grounds and the graves of our fathers. We have sold our own graves. We have no place to bury our dead, and you will not pay us the money for our land."

The failure of the government, in 1862, to make the annual payment which used to take place in June, and the traders' refusing them credit at a time when they needed it the most, added to the dissatisfaction, and so only a sparklet was needed to start the lurking wrath into a sea of flames which brought death and destruc-

tion upon thousands of peaceful homes, and for several years checked the progress of civilization on the fertile prairies of Minnesota.

How the events followed each other in this Indian war; how a wrangle among a few Indians resulted in the murder of some families at Acton, Sunday, August 17, 1862; how this again led to the massacre at the Lower or Redwood Agency; how, furthermore, in those quarters, slaying and burning were everyday occurrences during the subsequent weeks, until at length military aid was sent from St. Paul, and the redskins were whipped; how, at last, on February 26, 1863, thirty-eight of the fiends were hanged at Mankato, and numbers of them were imprisoned at Davenport, where they died *en masse* — all these are facts not to be related in the present article.

What I shall narrate are some of the experiences of our own countrymen during this horrible time, and I shall try to put these down in the same plain and unpretending words in which they were related to me by eye-witnesses.

About one hundred and twenty miles northwest of St. Paul, in Kandiyohi county, is a fine lake, called Norway Lake, six miles in length and from one to two miles wide. It is partially enclosed by woods which, especially to the north of the lake, spread for many miles over the country. Around Norway Lake the land is rolling prairie, consisting of loam with a heavy layer of black mold on top. It is rated among the best wheat-producing land in the state. The air, though rather cold in the months of January and February, is upon the whole pleasant and bracing.

One day in July, 1859, some Scandinavian families came into this country to settle there. They took land in the neighborhood of the lake, rather far apart from one another; the Indians thereabout, however, seeming friendly disposed toward them, they had no fear of trouble on that account. They found the redskins experts in pilfering and begging; yet they shared their bread with them, and thus made them behave peacefully.

The life of a newcomer in such localities differs not a little from that of farmers in civilized sections. The house, in most cases, is a rude log cabin plastered with mud and having a huge fireplace with an outside chimney or the stovepipe sticking out through roof or wall. One single small room serves as kitchen, bedroom, parlor, pantry, and for all other purposes. The furniture is just as antediluvian in character, empty boxes with rough deal boards on top serving as seats, and a heap of litter on the floor as bed. The staple food with these settlers was Indian corn, which they would grind on a coffee-mill, an implement which thus had to be kept constantly running to furnish food enough, as soon as the family began to increase in number. Next, they might have some fish, wild fowl and pork. What wheat they raised, they could hardly dispose of; there was no place where to sell it. It was threshed by oxen being driven in a ring over the sheaves.

Their cash earnings the settlers had mostly from hunting and trapping in the woods. Once every month agents of the fur-traders would come around, buying the skins and paying cash for them, for minks from six

*I give here the receipt for making "Injun whiskey" in Minnesota forty years ago: Into an ordinary barrel of thirty-two gallons capacity the traders placed at least a bushel of rank "black-twist" chewing tobacco, three or four gallons of bad whiskey, and a quantity of raw vitriol, with river water sufficient to fill the cask.

to seven dollars, and for muskrats twenty-five to forty cents per skin. The money made in this way by the settlers would usually suffice to pay for clothing and their few agricultural implements. Their dress was a rather primitive one, not at all after the fashion of the day. Men in wooden shoes and home-made woolen jackets were no uncommon sights at their religious meetings, or even when they were locked in holy matrimony before the altar.

This, to all appearances rude and rough manner of life, was, however, not without those gentler elements that go to elevate and refine mankind. Of books there were none, to be sure; but the natural scenery surrounding the settlers on all sides spoke through its grandeur to their minds; and their isolated and perilous situation not only made the members of the same family cling more closely together, but even prompted them to help and assist their neighbors and to extend their hospitality beyond the dictates of discretion and of their small means. Adding hereto their healthy exercise in the invigorating air and the development of their mental faculties through the varied dangers to which they were exposed, we may account for the unwillingness manifested by not a few of the settlers to change their isolated situation for a safer, but also more monotonous, life in eastern states.

To return to our settlers at Norway Lake: they lived in peace and safety until August, 1862. The harvest of that season was so plentiful that they hardly had room for it, and the farmers looked forward full of hope and confidence. The civil war was in full blaze, to be sure, but its effects were little felt here in the extreme Northwest, and of the discontent among the Indians the settlers hardly heard anything; that was no concern of theirs. Then, as a lightning flash from a clear sky, came the bloody horrors that broke up this little colony also.

Wednesday, the twentieth of August, dawned bright and warm. Members of several of the households had gone east to attend services to be held by the Rev. Andrew Jackson. Some of the most western families were of Swedish nationality, namely, those of Andreas Peter Broberg and Daniel Broberg, two brothers. Only a few half-grown children and some of a more tender age were left at home. Shortly after the parents had left, these were visited by a number of Indians who had scarcely entered the house before they began maltreating the defenseless children. One of the latter, however, got away and notified the parents. Nearly all in the congregation were ready to take up their guns and start back, but were prevented by the minister, who, thinking the case one of no extreme danger, was for a peaceful settlement of the affair. This proved a fatal mistake. Some of the most fearless settlers started, nevertheless, to return, but only one of them, A. Lundberg, took his gun with him, putting more trust in that weapon than in the clergyman's familiarity with Indian habits and disposition. He also went by a more direct route through a grove, while the others followed the wagon-road.

When near enough to see his house he heard the report of guns, and, stopping on this account, he saw how

the other party, and among them four of his own sons, namely Anders, Gustav, Lars and Samuel, were assailed by the Indians. One of the boys, Lars, on receiving a dangerous wound, ran toward a fence near where his father was standing, and tried to climb it, but was hit by the bullets of the pursuing fiends, who soon after came up and cut his throat from ear to ear, where upon they stripped his body of such clothing as they thought they could use.

All this happened before the eyes of the father who, paralyzed with horror, was unable to move from the spot to protect his boy. In his despair, however, he emitted heartrending cries, and thereby drew upon himself the attention of the Indians, who started to pursue him, and sent their bullets after him. He ran as fast as he could, and the redskins, just then catching sight of a wagon drawn by oxen and filled with settlers returning from the above-mentioned meeting, left off from their pursuit after Lundberg and headed for the wagon. They soon came up with it. Some of its occupants, Sven Johnson, with wife and two children and another little boy, P. Broberg (who now is a merchant at New London, in the same county), succeeded, nevertheless, in reaching Johnson's house, where they hid themselves in the cellar. The Indians soon arrived there, fired through the windows, split open the door, and cut to pieces what scanty furniture they found; among the rest the clock, which they tore down from the wall and trampled upon. Fortunately enough, the hatch over the opening into the cellar escaped their eyes. One of the heavy chests had in the scrimmage been pushed over it by the fiends themselves. They thereupon left the house.

In the meanwhile Lundberg had got a start of about a mile. On arriving at his house he told his family and two other persons who lived with them to make ready without delay, and soon they were all on their way toward the nearest neighbor's, Mr. Ole Knudson's, about three miles off. Lundberg himself and an elderly companion were the last who left the house. They took with them two guns and some ammunition. The Indians soon were on their track, and the settlers were in no little danger, their guns having become wet while they were plodding through a slough. They had several times to turn around and make front against their pursuers, as if they prepared to attack them. The redskins would then retreat until they had got their guns reloaded, when they would take the offensive again. Having in this way come within about a mile from Ole Knudson's house, the attention of the Indians was attracted to a team of horses tied to a wagon. A little off two men were busy hewing logs for a cabin. The Indians went up and shook hands with them asking permission to try the fine horses. The owner objected. Two of the Indians, nevertheless, mounted the animals and rode off with them, while the others stood with their guns cocked, compelling the settlers to keep quiet. They didn't kill any of them, however.

Lundberg and his party had in the meanwhile improved the opportunity to secrete themselves, hoping for a safer escape when under cover of night. In the evening some of the fugitives arrived at the house of Ole Knudson, who at once prepared to start with them. He

and his wife shouldered each a child, and off they sped toward the house of Even Railson, their neighbor; finding that he had left, they resolved to take refuge in a small island in Norway Lake, situated so far from shore as to be safe against the guns of the Indians. The passage was effected by means of an excavated bass-wood log, hardly capable of carrying two men at a time. They repeated the trip till all of them had got over safely. They determined there to defend themselves to the utmost against the Indians. As, however, several of their neighbors and acquaintances were yet, in all probability, rambling around not far from the lake—among them the wife and daughter of Lundberg—six men were sent out with two horses—the latter brought along by Johannes, the eldest of the sons of Lundberg—to look around for the fugitives and bring them safely over to the islet.

When the explorers came to Ole Knudson's log cabin, the darkness was intense and the rain pouring down amidst thunder and lightning. Some of the party, therefore, thought all further search in vain, but three of the men, namely, E. Railson, Ole Knudson and Lundberg, declined to give up, and in despite of darkness and rain, continued their efforts for a good while yet. They were fortunate enough to hit upon five individuals who had taken shelter in different places among the tall rush of the marshes. These were now all conducted to Knudson's cabin to be landed safely on the island in the morning.

The next day twelve of the "islanders" started to explore a larger tract in the vicinity. They divided into two parties, selecting Ole Knudson's grove as a meeting-place. They found no stray settlers, but came near mistaking each other for Indians—an error that was happily discovered in time to prevent bloodshed. They came by some food which proved quite a relief to the women and children on the island, who had eaten nothing since the flight began.

The following morning they sent out an expedition to bury the dead and bring back to the island such as might yet be alive. On their way they hit upon Samuel Lundberg, who had been wounded by the Indians and left for dead. He had, however, recovered so far that he was able to walk, though yet weak from loss of blood, from hunger, and the extreme peril he had been exposed to.

Having taken him to the stronghold in the lake, the party continued their march and soon arrived at the scene of the massacre, where lay the mutilated remains of friends and neighbors, some in the cabins and others in the fields. Lament was of little avail, so the men set to work digging graves with the spades and shovels they carried with them for that purpose and depositing the dead. They found all those they were looking for, two of them the sons of Broberg, sixteen and seventeen years respectively, in the grove near their father's cabin. One of them clutched a hammer in his hand, near the other lay an old, broken, blood-stained knife. Both had been killed by a blow with a tomahawk on the head, whereupon their throats had been cut.

One little six-year-old boy had evidently tried to flee, but had been overtaken by the bloodhounds, who

split his head with an axe belonging to Broberg himself. Some of the victims lay stripped of their clothing; on others, the clothing was burned.

One infant had been subjected to the most terrible outrage; its nose had been cut off, its skull crushed in, and in one of the cheeks was a deep hole. The remains of the mother were found near by. She had evidently fought to the last to save her own life and that of her child.

In all, thirteen bodies were found at this place. For three days they had been exposed to the burning sun—to handle them was, consequently, anything but pleasant. They were buried in one common grave.

At Broberg's house, everything had been either carried away or destroyed. Near the door lay the cat with a knife sticking through it into the floor.

Having searched the neighborhood in vain for Mrs. Lundberg, now the only one whose fate was unknown, the party returned to the island. Here, in the meanwhile, a woman had arrived with a little child. Her home was about three miles farther to the south. The Indians had also been there, and shot and killed her husband in the field where he was mowing hay, after which they had tried to carry off herself and her sixteen-year-old daughter. While they were forcing the latter up on one of their ponies, the mother had fled into the woods. The girl made so spirited a resistance that the horse took fright, threw her and ran away. The Indians, in order to recapture the animal, left the girl to herself, a chance she improved to start for the woods. The mother, with the youngest child, went to Norway Lake, whither also the daughter intended to go together with the other four children whom she, during the night, met at the house. They lost their way, however, on the open prairie, and it was not until the following day they succeeded in reaching a house (belonging to Svend Borgen) where they found some milk, which they drank, but no inmates. They were saved at last, as shall be related hereafter.

The homeless settlers now sought to collect what had been spared by the redskins. It did not amount to much, upon the whole; and their agricultural implements, and other such property of the unwieldier kind, were mostly abducted by Indians or marauding whites during the ensuing winter. A prolonged stay on the isle seemed little advisable, on account of the scarcity of provisions. They therefore prepared to leave—the crossing to be effected in a little boat and two disemboweled logs—and one fine morning the oxen were put to the wagons, and all were ready to start and go eastward. In the meantime Thomas Osmundson and his father-in-law, Svend Borgen, should drive over with their team to the house of the latter to take on board some property left there. When near the house, half a dozen redskins or more emerged from the grove near by, and began shooting at them, Osmundson being seated in the vehicle and Svend walking behind. They cried out for help and were answered in good old Homeric style by those at the lake, especially the women. The Indians became frightened, ran to their ponies in the grove and fled southward over the prairie toward another grove, called the "Dahl grove," a Swede by that name living there. Fortunately

for him, he was not at home. The men from the island pursued for a while, but gave up and returned, fearing lest the women and children, who were frantically pulling back to the stronghold, should be attacked by another crowd of savages.

The panic and confusion having subsided, some of the men mounted the nearest hillocks to look out, while others undertook to ferry over the last of the garrison. No sooner had they all got over than a train of men on horseback, and others in wagons, were seen approaching from the west. New confusion, this time, however, to end in general rejoicings! Expeditions having been sent out from both sides to reconnoitre, the approaching caravan was found to consist of none but the good people from Painsville and vicinity, who, in full military equipment, had taken the field to assist their fellow-settlers at Norway Lake and thereabouts.

These brave Painsville men had, on the prairie, met with the five children above mentioned, whose father, Johannes Iverson, had been killed by the Indians. The children mistaking their friends for enemies, ran with all their might, and had to be hunted up and caught like wild animals. They were now, safe and sound, taken to their mother who, as stated, was with the settlers. From the Painsville people Mr. Lundberg learned that also his wife was alive. She had come to Painsville in the company of Even Olson and his family, Lars Iverson and his family, one Erik Kapperud, and the two men with whose horses the Indians ran off near Ole Knudson's house. All these had clubbed together, and, in one body, travelled north of Norway Lake, through woods and swamps, to Painsville, Stearns county, about twenty-five miles east of Norway Lake.

They now all set out for Painsville, where they arrived in the evening, and where there was almost no end to the rejoicings of Mr. and Mrs. Lundberg, who had entertained no hope of ever more meeting in this world.

Here the fugitives remained a few days, partly to rest and restore their strength, and partly because of their disagreement as to where to go next, some of them being for returning to their farms, others wanting to move still farther east.

The rumor of the massacre having spread, people began to come up from St. Cloud. They warned the settlers against going east. There they would perish for want of food. But if they would go back and take care of their farms once more, they should have every possible assistance: arms, ammunition, nay, even military protection. Thus spoke the men from St. Cloud. All their eloquence, however, proving of no avail, they told the fugitives that under no circumstances would they be allowed to cross the Mississippi river. Despite all this the Norway Lake people started to move east, and wherever they came the settlers along their track made ready and joined them, for no one wanted to be left on the line immediately exposed to the cannibals.

And on they travelled, young and old, until they came to St. Cloud, where they stopped for a few days, and where the people actually tried to prevent them from crossing the river. There was no bridge at that day, and the ferry-boat was chained and locked. One morning, then, when the ferryman had peremptorily refused them

the use of his boat, the Scandinavians, and the rest as well, drove their cattle down to the river, and T. Osmundson got safely over on back of one of his oxen. The other settlers followed, and before evening all the cattle had crossed the Mississippi. The next step now was to break loose the ferry-boat. The police of the place would interfere, but withdrew when the settlers declared they would rather risk a tussle with the honorable peace-preservers of St. Cloud than with the Redskins.

The people of St. Cloud, now being on the exposed line, began to feel rather anxious themselves. They dug ditches, threw up miniature fortifications and posted guards on the ramparts; nay, some of them even went so far as to leave the place for good, or at least to send off their families.

The Norway Lake people, after a long and wearisome travel, at length got as far as the St. Anthony falls. Here they were visited by the people of the place, who very generously supplied them with both food and clothing. In the same kind way they were received at St. Paul, where the toll-bridge stood open for their passage free of charge. From there they spread over the counties east of St. Paul, among friends and kinsmen, where many of them remained, until about three years later, in the spring of 1865, they began going back to their old homes at Norway Lake. Here they did surely not find things as they left them. Redskins and prairie fires had played havoc with their cabins. Little by little, however, they got over their troubles, and have since lived unmolested by the Indians. Nor was the time far off when immigration should assume such proportions that all available land was taken up, most of it by Scandinavians.

LOUIS PRO.

[To be continued.]

THE HIGHEST.

FROM THE DANISH OF M. A. GOLDSCHMIDT, BY JOHN VOLK.

Near the city leading to the isles*, in the valley which is blessed with water and grass, with vari-colored flowers and shady trees that bear sweet fruit, Elijah tended his father's flock, close by the big herds of Chajim Hakolba. A generation had scarcely passed since the taking of Jerusalem. To one who dared approach, the temple and the city looked waste and empty, as if God's sanctuary and human beings had never abided there, but as if the earth had opened and vomited fire and glowing stones and molten metal, which, all of a sudden, had hardened into hideous masses, bearing the stamp of sorrow and confusion.

But, though the crown of the sanctuary lay broken at the feet of the desolate city, Israel knew, that before the Temple of the Lord could be erected on Sinai's mount, it would first have to be built up in the hearts of the people; and never before had the Law been studied with as much zeal as now, for a wonder had happened. Rabbi Jochannan, the only one living who knew the interpretation of the Law, had been carried out of the besieged city in a coffin, and Titus, the emperor, had given him

*In Judea the isles meant that part of the world which lies on the other side of the Mediterranean Sea. The city "leading to the isles" is Joppe, east of which lies the valley of Sharon.

permission to open a school. From a coffin life had risen; and all who could hastened to Jabne, to listen to the Rabbi, or to one of his disciples, in order to gather up the Word of Life, lest it should again be buried among ruins.

At that time Elijah was sixteen years old, and Zippora, Chajim Hakolba's youngest daughter, fourteen. They were both of age to be married; and they loved one another.

One day when they saw a bridal procession pass by with flutes and cymbals, Elijah said: "What a happy day that will be when you and I shall walk together under the canopy. Would that your father would give his consent!"

Zippora laughed and answered: "My father will be only too glad to have me marry. He will put no obstacles in our way."

These words set Elijah thinking. Zippora was handsome, her father rich, and would need to thank no one for marrying her. After a little while Elijah said, anxiously: "You say that your father will put no obstacles in our way; do you think some one else will? I am certainly not the one, and you, you love me, Zippora—do you not?"

Zippora answered: "You must not feel sorry, nor doubt my love; but it would cause me much grief if my sisters' husbands should call you 'Am Hoozez,'"* then I never could be happy."

Elijah's breast heaved with great emotion, and he said: "Zippora, what do you wish of me?"

Her eyes glowed and she answered: "The highest!—that you be a greater man than any of my sisters' husbands."

Then Elijah exclaimed: "Never dared I listen to that thought until you gave it utterance. The highest! so be it, in the name of the Almighty God!"

Zippora approached him and let him kiss her forehead, and said: "Three years will I wait for thee, my lord and bridegroom."

Elijah went home and told his parents that he would go to Jabne, and though he could not very well be spared from the herd, they did not place themselves between him and the Lord, but blessed his departure, and gave him money to help him along on the journey.

In Jabne there were many thousand disciples, and when they sat before their teachers it often happened that one was overlooked because of the many. Thus, a half a year passed before the Rabbi ever cast a glance on Elijah. But one day, when he met him at the entrance of the schoolroom, the Rabbi stopped and said: "What seekest thou?"

Elijah could hardly speak for emotion because of the great honor the Rabbi showed him by speaking to him; still he answered: "The highest."

The Rabbi asked: "How dost thou pray?"

Elijah answered: "I pray the Lord that he will rebuild the Temple, bless the people, and not lead me into temptation."

Then said the Rabbi: "He who seeketh the highest must not fear temptation, but must ask that he be tried."

That same night Elijah prayed to God with an anx-

ious heart that he might be led into temptation, but also that He would grant him power to withstand it.

A few days later the man on whose roof Elijah's tent stood,* came to him and said: "Brother, you can serve both God and me by protecting me against a wicked man. Some time ago I paid him a hundred shekel in silver, but neglected to do so in the presence of witnesses, and now he denies receiving them. Surely it cannot be God's wish that this man's crafty plot shall succeed. But now, as you know the truth, you might testify to it, and I will give you fifty shekel for your trouble."

Elijah asked: "How can I testify to that which my eyes did not see?"

The other answered: "You shall only bear witness to what is true, and the truth I have told you. Perhaps you doubt my words?"

"I do not, but I can only bear witness to that which my eyes have seen and my ears have heard."

When Elijah came to the meeting room, the Rabbi eyed him closely for some time, then he said: "You have done well," and Elijah praised and thanked God because he had led him into no harder temptation, but had made victory so easy for him.

Shortly after this his host again came to him and said: "I have been thinking of your refusing to appear as a witness for me, and I must admit that you did right. You are a noble youth, and I wish you well; if I can be of any service to you, say so."

Elijah thanked him, but said that he had done nothing which merited reward and that he desired nothing. The other said: "How would it fare with us if we were rewarded only according to our deserts? Then, I tell you, many of us would not even get a dry crust of bread, much less fresh water and juicy fruits. Listen, I know that in the course of three years, when you have become a Rabbi, you intend to marry Chajim Hakolba's beautiful daughter. But why should you wait so long? I have a friend who in less than three months will make you a Rabbi, and then you may return to your parents and be happy with Zippora."

A thrill of joy shot through Elijah's soul at the thought that within three months he might return and marry Zippora. But then it struck him that this could not have been her wish when she asked him to go and seek the highest and promised to wait for him three years. He thanked his host but declined his offer and hurried away.

The next time he came into the meeting room the Rabbi looked into his eyes and said: "You have done well," and shortly after a Schammus approached him with his staff and told him to be at the Rabbi's in the evening when the stars were out.

When Elijah was alone he threw himself upon his face and said: "My God, how merciful Thou art, that Thou helpst me to withstand all temptations and rewardest me with such great honor for that which I have accomplished only by Thine aid! My God! My God!"

In the evening the Rabbi took him up on the roof of the house and showed him the sky and the hosts of stars and explained to him their course around the earth, the change of seasons and the days of feast and fast; and when Elijah was carried away by the grandeur before

* In the Orient strangers are rarely allowed to reside in the houses of their hosts, they are obliged to pitch their tents on the roofs.

* Peasant, ignorant.

him, by the power and the wisdom, and he asked about those things which are hidden behind the splendor and the infinite deep, the Rabbi raised one tip of the veil covering the mystery and said that further could no one come.

Then Elijah asked: "How is it, Rabbi, that the soul has such a strong desire to behold the unknown, a desire that once shall be satisfied; and that here on earth, where the desire is strongest, such a narrow limit is drawn, even, as you say, to the selected ones?"

"My son," said the Rabbi, "two are the objects in life: We should fill our souls with the infinite; but we should also live in the present, and should multiply, and, as far as the Lord permits, enjoy the pleasures which earth affords. And, therefore, it is, that that within man which is of earth prevents that within him which is heavenborn from being entirely free. If man could be entirely free from all desire, he should see God."

Elijah dared to question no further; he kept silent, but without perceiving that here was the third temptation. From that day he became the Rabbi's dearest disciple, and after the expiration of three years, the Rabbi solemnly declared, with laying on of hands, that Elijah ben Meir was now Rabbi Elijah, and large numbers of friends and admirers accompanied the new Rabbi on his way home. And as he approached, Chajim Hakolba and all his house went out to meet him; and flutes and ram-horns were blown, and their notes intermingled with the sound of cymbals. Then Chajim Hakolba led forth his daughter Zippora, and, veiled, she was placed under the canopy together with Elijah, rings were exchanged, the glass was trodden under foot, and Elijah's father and mother blessed him and the hour he had left them.

When the happy bridal guests had entered Elijah's home, he wished to be alone one moment, and went into a little grove, which stood in the rear of the house. Here he said: "Almighty God! Before I leave my Paradise and become like other mortals and take my wife into my embrace, I have one great boon to ask of Thee. Let Thy mercy fall on me, and let me behold one glimpse of the Highest, or let me hear one sound from Thy eternity only for one short moment! Almighty Father, Thou who slakest the thirst of the beast, have Thou mercy on my soul, thirsting after Thee and Thy glory, and let one drop fall on me, even though I should miss it, whence, once, according to Thy will, I am called hence."

Then, a little above his head, he heard a bird sing. The sound was whistling and twittering like other birds' song, but very singular. There came one note which seemed to Elijah to lift him up upon a billow, and this billow again seemed to be related to one of the seven Sephiroths, which once, when Time was created, streamed forth from Him, the Only One, Metatron, and became the seven worlds with all their joys and sorrows. There came another note, which to Elijah seemed to reëcho the hymn which the angels sang before Him, before Adonai, when the creation was completed. This Elijah heard, but in those two notes he heard still more which cannot be expressed by words. Then the bird stopped.

Elijah stood silent for a moment, then said: "My

God, I thank Thee! Now I am almost sated." He turned toward the house to go to his bride, and was somewhat surprised to find that everything was still, and that there was no light; but as he supposed the merry guests would play a joke on him, he thought he would let them enjoy it, and knocked at the door. Nobody answered. "They hide themselves," he said, and knocked harder. Then he heard a strange voice, which asked: "Who is there?" Elijah answered: "It is I, let me in to my bride." "There is no bride in this house, stranger," the voice replied; "go, and do not break the quiet of the night."

Elijah saw that he had really been mistaken in the house; and while this seemed very strange to him, he began looking for his own but could not find it. Day broke, and filled with fear at having searched in vain, and at the strange aspect of everything that met his eye, he went to the Synagogue, but when here, too, he saw none but strange faces, he burst into tears and loudly called the names of his father and mother. Nobody answered, but all looked at him either with suspicion or surprise. At last an old man tottered toward him and said: "Who is he who calls the friends of my youth?"

"It is I! do you know me? I was married yesterday, where is my bride? Where are my friends and relations, where is my house?"

"What is the name of your bride?" asked the old man, and when Elijah told him, the man exclaimed: "Great God, are you Elijah who went away seventy years ago?"

"Seventy years ago!" cried the bridegroom, horror-stricken. "O, this is a cruel jest; you are not in earnest; take me to my bride; in God's name stop jesting."

"I will take thee to her," said the old man, and led him to the "good place," and there showed him the grave of his parents and that of his bride, on the tombstone of which, was an inscription which told how her bridegroom had gone away on their wedding night and never returned.

Elijah sat down beside the grave and covered his face. Then the Angel of Death drew near on his broad wings and said: "Come, follow me, brother, home to her who sent thee to seek the Highest."

MARY STUART.

TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON. TRANSLATED BY CLEMENS PETERSEN.

(Continued.)

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*Spring of 1567. A Forest.*

SONG.

From the burning heather fled,
Heather fled,
There's the Queen, her hawk ahead!
Hawk ahead!

Fragrance breaks from birch and brake,
Birch and brake.
Blare of bugles echoes wake,
Echoes wake!

Clear the air and crisp with thirst,
Crisp with thirst.
Forward come! our Queen is first!
Queen is first!

Onward, upward! let us chase,
Let us chase,
Joy itself to death's embrace,
Death's embrace.

(During the last passages of this song, Murray and Lethington enter from the right, in hunting-jackets and with guns. They stop and talk together. Murray walks toward the background and disappears; Lethington draws to the left and hides himself among the trees.)

Enter the QUEEN and BOTHWELL.

THE QUEEN. Alone in the forest, under the tall trees, I am always reminded of the stillness after the boom of a cannon.

BOTHWELL. I feel as if I were lying in ambush.

THE QUEEN. Bothwell, Bothwell! The forest is the refuge of those who are miserable. All who have been persecuted have found rest in the deep forests. Don't you remember David pursued by Saul, Jotham flying for Abimelech, the prophet Elijah alone with his revelations on Mount Horeb?

BOTHWELL. Yes; but don't you also remember our ancestors? The animals of the forest clad them; the thicknesses of the forest hid them; they poured blood on the roots of the trees with prayers to the avenging gods, for it is revenge which the forest hides over. Your ancestor, Robert Bruce, every spring sent the forests of Scotland down upon England, just as Macduff bore the forest of Birnam up to Dunsinane. Scotland's history dreams in its forests; there we can awaken it whenever we will.

THE QUEEN. I have often listened in the forests and heard voices, but they were not those.

BOTHWELL. When I was a boy, I shot deer in the forest; when I grew up, I shot robbers. Though everything is still here, I am on the watch; if a branch cracks I clutch my weapons.

THE QUEEN. There are two parties in this world: the pursuers and the pursued. You belong to the first.

BOTHWELL. Yes, two parties; one which has plans, and one which has none.

THE QUEEN. May be; but the hurricane which the plans raise does not belong here. Here is stillness.

BOTHWELL. No; here the storm begins. When the dogs are set loose and bark against the air, there is something in my nature which is roused by sympathy. The forest excites me, for it hides.

THE QUEEN. I wish to go on; where is my retinue, my lord?

BOTHWELL. Sent away, your grace; it was superfluous.

THE QUEEN. You wink with your one eye like a hawk, Bothwell. Is it I whom you pursue?

BOTHWELL. Yes, and with a love more burning than the summer's heat from which you sought shelter here.

THE QUEEN. Bothwell, I have trusted you.

BOTHWELL. You have trusted me with so much that the rest must follow.

THE QUEEN. That would do no good either to you or to me.

BOTHWELL. I don't want to be beheaded like Chate-lard, nor to be murdered like Rizzio, nor thrown aside like Darnley.

THE QUEEN. Then be warned by their fate!

BOTHWELL. Oh, the anger of your eyes glitters like the stars of a southern night.

THE QUEEN. Bothwell, you were the proudest, the strongest, I had for my defence.

BOTHWELL. And I shall defend you against the whole world.

THE QUEEN. But not against my own conscience.

BOTHWELL *(grasping her hand and kneeling)*. When you call upon that, you love me.

THE QUEEN. I call upon all that is between heaven and earth to defend me against you.

BOTHWELL. But nothing will answer.

THE QUEEN. Oh, you overwhelm all law and all reason. You stake life on one moment.

BOTHWELL. For I love.

THE QUEEN. Oh, Bothwell, turn away from this wild passion; remember your honor and its bright morning; rise like a falcon from my hand . . . and the day may come when I shall call you back.

BOTHWELL. Give me a pledge.

THE QUEEN. No, if I gave you anything, you would take the whole, for you are the stronger.

BOTHWELL. Mary, none has served you as Bothwell; none has loved you as I have. Those who loved you before, were not men.

THE QUEEN. It is true — you are the strongest I have met. *(Takes his head between her hands, kisses him, and hurries off.)*

BOTHWELL *(discovering Lethington, who advances from among the trees)*. You here?

LETHINGTON. Yes.

BOTHWELL. And you have seen the queen? — Seen her here? — Seen what happened?

LETHINGTON. Yes.

BOTHWELL *(drawing)*. Then, draw, Earl of Lethington?

LETHINGTON *(drawing)*. Yes, I draw my sword against Henry Darnley, king of Scotland, for now he is in the way.

BOTHWELL. Henry Darnley?

LETHINGTON. But hurry on while you have the wind. A barrel of gunpowder under his bedchamber to-night, and to-morrow not a child in Scotland will ask for him.

BOTHWELL. Death and hell, Lethington, you try to deceive me. *(Attacks him.)*

LETHINGTON *(parrying)*. Are you mad? This is what every nobleman in Scotland secretly wishes for, and what the best of them have spoken of this very day on seeing you together.

BOTHWELL. I am still intoxicated by the kiss she gave me. . . . Is this not an ambush?

LETHINGTON. On my word of honor, one hundred of the best noblemen of this country will stand by you, whether in court or in duel, if any charge is made against you for this.

BOTHWELL. Then Darnley has only one more night to live.

LETHINGTON. Not a whole night! Don't give Mary of Scotland a whole night to think it over.

BOTHWELL (*after a pause*). Lethington, do you believe there are powers above us?

LETHINGTON. I don't see much of them.

BOTHWELL. And below us?

LETHINGTON. Are the worms.

BOTHWELL. But within us are powers . . . For ever or for the moment, whence or whither, I know not. But from the moment my will took root in the events, I have felt them grow in me. Once, during a storm, I went with my fleet in under the Orkneys. The sea beat upon us in fury; the clouds shot by us like rags of rent sails; the breakers roared ahead, along the naked coast. . . . There I felt the presence of my kinsmen, the Norse Vikings, who drifted thither and alighted. They had a will which bit into the rock and bent low every other will. . . . Lethington, make a compact with this will, but don't try to match yourself against it! . . . All you want, you shall have on my day of honor, for we belong to the same party—not Knox's or the Queen's, not the Protestants' or the Catholics', but the free knight-hood of courage and ambition,—farewell, when we meet again, there will be in Scotland only one above us—(*in a low voice*) and that one is mine. [*Exit.*]

LETHINGTON. What if I staked something on that will? Thrice he has defeated us, and the first time he was only a boy. He has the nature of the mountain-birch; it climbs higher than any other tree, but at last it reaches so high that it freezes to death. Drive him on, always onward—but don't follow him! . . . With Murray there is a kind of middle-heat, in which all opinions can grow; that is what gathers men around him. . . . Indeed, she kissed him! but by that kiss she consecrated him to death. She fled as from an evil deed, but him she cannot pass by. That is the stone which will make her stumble. . . . Yes, she can say that we all loved her. There was only one who hated her, but he was her brother.

Enter MURRAY.

MURRAY. It was a short parley.

LETHINGTON. But satisfactory.

MURRAY. His ambition?

LETHINGTON. Has a bursting power like that of gunpowder. Darnley it will blow up this very night.

MURRAY. Indeed! . . . Yes, gunpowder is a very good tool; when it kills the enemy, it kills itself at the same time.

LETHINGTON. Well, my lord, I don't remember to have seen you so merry before.

MURRAY (*suddenly serious*). Did you promise him support?

LETHINGTON. Yes, and he demanded the promise in writing.

MURRAY. That is dangerous.

LETHINGTON. You will perhaps have the kindness to make out the document?

MURRAY. You can do that much better, my lord.

LETHINGTON. But you will speak with the lords? You are the one who can most easily get them together.

MURRAY. You have too little confidence in yourself, Lethington, . . . besides, there are circumstances just now which prevent me from . . .

LETHINGTON. I may perhaps be allowed to ask what those circumstances are?

MURRAY. And at a more proper place and time, it will give me great pleasure to answer you.

LETHINGTON. I once knew a man who was born half bastard, half royal, . . . he was also half on the side of the people, and half on the side of royalty. . . . To his sister he was a half brother, always defending her when he could not attack her. To other men he was a half friend, always giving them half confidence. . . . But that man did not fare well.

MURRAY. I know the same man, and I know him better. He got only half rights in the world, and that gave him only half sympathies. He is not a half democrat, but a prudent policy uses such things, is not used by it. His aims are always whole, but time and circumstances are not, and you know not the master he serves . . . you know not the Queen. She obeys neither plans nor persons, for she has no devotion. She takes our labor, our love, our sacrifices, and to-morrow she has forgotten them all. All that binds her, she rends, all that can make her responsible, she rejects. Gold and riches she gives, not from gratitude, for she has none, but as if in bargain to rid herself of the feeling of duty. On the other hand, she calls home her worst enemies and works together with them as if nothing had happened. Look at Morton! the truth is that she loves and hates only for a moment. When such a character holds the reins, the course has no direction. Laws and persons continually change and no one knows to-day what to-morrow will bring forth. The whole country is a camp in which every man sleeps with his sword under his pillow. . . . We can remove Rizzio, Darnley, Bothwell . . . but as long as . . . (*Looks about*).

LETHINGTON. As long as she is not removed . . .

MURRAY (*shrugs his shoulders*). Removed?

LETHINGTON. Removed, yes.

MURRAY. No harm must be done her.

LETHINGTON. I mean made impossible.

MURRAY. Only married to Bothwell.

LETHINGTON. She will never do that.

MURRAY. Bothwell will not let go his prey . . . and you must aid him.

LETHINGTON. And if she does it?

MURRAY. She can hardly reign any more. The people will not allow it.

LETHINGTON. But you can reign . . . in her son's name.

MURRAY. Yes, if I am now kept out of the affair.

LETHINGTON. Yes.

MURRAY. You see it is not a half confidence I give.

LETHINGTON. I see.

MURRAY. You understand that it is necessary for me to leave immediately. That which is entrusted to your sagacity, needs no aid from me. I shall remember you on my day of honor. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

LETHINGTON. Yes, . . . all use Lethington; first Bothwell; Bothwell falls, and with him the Queen.

Then Murray; Murray falls, . . . probably; and then? Who is then to rule in Scotland in the name of the infant? (*Discovers Morton on a cliff in the background.*) He? Morton? He take the crown of my life just as I am grasping it? He stand proud on the summit just as I climb the last ledge? Oh, for a little powder under the rock on which he stands? (*Bowing to him.*) Good evening, my lord; you have climbed high to-night.

SCENE II. *A small room in DARNLEY's house. Enter DARNLEY and TAYLOR, very slowly, the former supported by the latter.*

DARNLEY (*walking*). The setting sun! . . . It is better here. . . . Let us walk about a little. . . . Now I am sick, she comes once more to see me. Do you think she will come to-night?

TAYLOR. I think so.

DARNLEY. But it will be late. She is going to Margaretha's wedding-feast. She will not have much time left for me.

TAYLOR. If you would only think a little less of her!

DARNLEY (*stops*). Don't get tired of me, William! I am a weak, a miserable soul; I always slide down from the height to which Knox raises me. . . . I have fear of Knox. He crows me down. He carries me off. But he does not understand me (*walks a little; stops*). William, the world despises the weak, and it admires strength, even when it is strength for evil. The world admires the devil. (*Walks.*)

TAYLOR. Oh, don't say so. Besides, the world's opinion is not Knox's.

DARNLEY (*stops*). If people only understood the weak! He may be weak, because there is something in his heart to which he is true,—some longing, some memory, some love. He knows that it will kill him, and he makes a thousand attempts to get rid of it, but there is a depth in his feeling into which he is for ever sinking, and at last held fast. (*Walks.*)

TAYLOR. Thus to stare into one's self is weakening; it steals from the will.

DARNLEY (*after a short pause*). A bad man's constancy is no faithfulness, but defiance; yet it is admired. (*Stops.*) The bad man narrows down his whole mind to one single plan, and entrenches himself behind hatred. But the world admires him. (*Walks.*)

TAYLOR. You only trouble yourself by this; you shut yourself up between horrors on all sides.

DARNLEY. People require great battles, with great victory or great defeat. (*Stops.*) They overlook the small, but steady play of the eternal into a weak man's soul, those thousand glimpses which come and go, until at last the drop evaporates. . . . There the sun sets! What a singular sky! . . . William, it frightens me! Look, look! Is it a sign? Is it the wrath of Heaven upon me? I tremble. Oh, William, help me!

TAYLOR (*leading him to a couch*). You must try to fight against it.

DARNLEY. I cannot. See how I tremble. Read a little to me, but make haste. Oh, it is horrible! . . . horrible!

TAYLOR (*reading aloud*). Lord, how long wilt thou forget me? How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

How long shall I mourn in my soul, and have sorrow in my heart? How long shall my enemies exult?

DARNLEY. I don't understand anything! The words threaten me! Changing, shifting darkness comes over my senses. (*Music is heard.*)

TAYLOR. There comes the queen.

DARNLEY. Yes, it is she; it is Mary who has not forgotten me. Light the candles—many candles. . . . She comes, the beautiful, the terrible, who takes my life. . . . Who warms and consumes like fire! . . . Oh, make it bright here! Draw the curtains. Have you no incense? Pour sweet-smelling waters on the floor. Place torches before the gates! (*Enter a page.*)

PAGE. The queen asks whether you have a moment to spare for her.

DARNLEY. All my moments. (*Enter the queen; her retinue remains in the antechamber. Taylor bends his knee before the queen and leaves. The door is closed. The music ceases.*)

DARNLEY (*resting on the couch with his head toward the queen, who stands in the centre of the room*). That is you. Beautiful and sweet like the music which bore you hither; soothing when you are present, but giving love's despair when you leave. Come nearer to me! . . . No, stay where you are while I look at you! No, come! (*She sits down on a low chair beside him; he takes her hand and kisses it.*) I dreamt last night that I was lifted up into great brightness. I felt the same charm as when in childhood I dreamt that I was being carried through the air. It seemed to me that I awoke in a beautiful place, but you were not there. Then I prayed that you might come, and you came, you and my mother together, and there was more brightness. What do you think that meant? For there are angels in our dreams. Night is day's confidant, but night remembers all things better than day does. . . . Yesterday William read the song of songs to me. It still murmurs around my head like soft breezes carrying fragrance from Lebanon. He says it is about the church and her bridegroom. But no, it is about love; it is the song of love, and never was such another written on earth. The southern sun, the vineyards of Palestine, Solomon's splendor, all are there. While he was reading, I thought all the time of you. You, my friend, are beautiful like Thirza, inviting like a great city, terrible like those who are under the banners. Thine eyes are like the dove's; milk and honey are under thy tongue, thy height is a palm-tree, thy whole being an inclosed garden. . . . Love, the poet says, is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench it. Its heat is a glowing fire, a sacred flame. . . . How good you are to sit thus with me and speak so much to me.

THE QUEEN. Haven't you noticed that I have not yet said one word?

DARNLEY. Then it must be your eyes that speak! You are going to the wedding?

THE QUEEN. Yes.

DARNLEY. There you must think of me and of my love; and for my love's sake forgive all I have done wrong to you.

THE QUEEN. I have forgiven you.

DARNLEY. All? Say all!

THE QUEEN. All, except the murder of Rizzio.

DARNLEY. Oh, Mary, you mention that name! Then you have not forgiven me?

THE QUEEN. Yes, all, since I now fully understand you.

DARNLEY. But you don't understand me. If you did, oh! you would never mention that name.

THE QUEEN. I happened to mention it because just now it paints itself so black on my memory. It was this time, a year ago, and at this hour.

DARNLEY. Oh, Mary, you kill me!

THE QUEEN. What is it?

DARNLEY. The terror is coming back. . . . The trembling. . . .

THE QUEEN. You are ill, my friend. How pale you are, and how you perspire. (*She wipes his forehead with her handkerchief, rises and places him in a better position, and sits down again with one hand on his forehead.*) Are you better now?

DARNLEY. Yes. (*Takes her other hand. She removes her hand from his forehead.*) No, let it stay there; it keeps away the pain. (*She replaces it.*) How good you are! You forgive me all, don't you?

THE QUEEN. I do.

DARNLEY. It is so good to forgive. I often think, when I am lying here and know not where you are or what you are doing: I forgive her; she will come once more to me; she is good. I have forgiven you all, oh, everything. Mary, how beautiful you are. You look so mild, so kind. Give me a kiss. (*The queen shakes her head.*) Yes, as a pledge that we forgive. (*She shakes her head again.*) But you have tears in your eyes? (*She bursts out crying and throws herself on his bosom.*) Are they not good to you? Tell all to me. I cannot defend you, but I can share your troubles with you.

THE QUEEN (*rising and brushing away her tears*). I must go now. They are waiting for me at the wedding.

DARNLEY. You go so soon?

THE QUEEN. But in the church I will pray for both of us.

DARNLEY. When do you come again?

THE QUEEN. To-morrow morning. After this I will come oftener.

DARNLEY (*almost whispering*). Thank you. Thank you for this hour.

THE QUEEN (*bends down and kisses him on the brow*). Good-bye!

DARNLEY. Thanks!

THE QUEEN (*stops at the door, turns around and whispers*). Till we meet again! [*Exit.*]

DARNLEY (*folding his hands*). Till we meet again!

(*Enter TAYLOR.*)

TAYLOR. You are praying.

DARNLEY. Yes. . . . If love be sin, my sin is very great.

TAYLOR. She has been good to you to-day.

DARNLEY. Oh, so good! She mentioned Rizzio only once. (*Pause.*)

TAYLOR. Do you want to be alone?

DARNLEY. No; . . . sing to me. . . . Best something mild.

TAYLOR (*sings*).

Each happy hour you have on earth
With sorrow you must pay;
Let few or many come and go
The pay is claimed some day.
A time will come when you will shed
A tear for every smile,
And paying off your awful debt,
Your faith grows less the while.
Mary Anne, Mary Anne,
Mary Anne, Mary Anne,
Had you not smiled on me, my dear,
I now would shed no tear.

God pity him who never could
To joy yield half his heart,
A time will also come when he
Of grief must take full part.
God pity him who was so glad
His joy he can't forget;
God pity him who lost his all
And kept his senses yet.

Mary Anne, Mary Anne,
Mary Anne, Mary Anne,
What bloomed for me in life, it died
The day you left my side.

(*During the last passages a vague, rumbling sound is heard from below.*)

DARNLEY. Taylor, what is that? (*They listen. The sound is repeated.*)

TAYLOR. I will see. (*Goes to the door, but finds it locked.*) The door is locked.

DARNLEY (*rising*). It is locked! (*The sound again.*) Oh, this means evil. Come to me!

TAYLOR (*helping Darnley*). Let us go into your bed, chamber; then we can reach the garden.

DARNLEY. I cannot.

TAYLOR. I will help you.

DARNLEY (*walking with his support*). What do they now want of me? What have I now done?

TAYLOR (*opening the door to the bed-chamber*). Here it is dark. [*Exit.*]
(*Just as the door closes upon them they both cry, "Help. Help!" and a violent explosion is heard.*)

CURTAIN.

[*To be continued.*]

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE fifth congress of Scandinavian jurists will meet in Stockholm in the latter part of August.

A CLUB for young working women is established in Stockholm, mainly to serve as a Sunday home.

MR. O. E. A. F. LAGERHEIM is appointed temporary consul general for Sweden and Norway in China.

TWELVE students at the university of Upsala, Sweden, have caused great surprise by becoming Catholics.

THE Norwegian traveller, Mr. Carl Bock, is at present in Christiania, preparing a work on his travels in Siam and Lao.

MR. EUGEN WARMING, the Danish botanist, is at present rector of the high school, or university, in Stockholm.

In Sweden, six hundred and forty-four kilometers of railways were built or laid out, last year, at a cost of thirty million crowns.

In Norway, the consumption of liquor decreased within the last six years from 6.5 to 3.9 litres per head, and of beer, from 22 to 16 litres.

PROFESSOR LJUNGGREN, of Lund, is preparing a history of the Royal Academy of Sweden for the centennial of this institution in 1886.

A DIRECT passenger steamship line will be opened between Gothenburg and the United States by the North-German Lloyds of Bremen.

MISS KAREN THORSEN, a new Norwegian actress, is a success on the theatre at Bergen, as Hjördis in Ibsen's "*Hærmændene paa Helgoland*."

MR. VICTOR RYDBERG, the celebrated rationalistic author, is appointed professor in the history of civilization at the high school of Stockholm.

AN operette, "*Die Waldgeister*," composed by a young Danish musician, Mr. Christiani, seems to be a success in the theatres of northern Germany.

MR. VILHELM WIEHE, a highly gifted and popular actor in Copenhagen, died lately after several years' weakness. He was the Danish McCullough.

THE income of the Swedish tariff has increased from twenty-seven and one-half million crowns in 1880 to thirty-three and one-half million in 1883.

BISHOP BJÖRLING, of Westeras, Sweden, and Bishop Brammer, formerly of Aarhus, Denmark, died lately, respectively eighty and eighty-one years of age.

THE two celebrated Norwegian skaters, Axel and Edwin Poulsen, are at present doing the United States. Mr. Axel Poulsen is the fastest skater in the world.

MR. BORCHGREVINK, a Norwegian missionary from Madagascar, is visiting his American countrymen in the interest of his work, which seems to be a perfect success.

"HARALD VIKING" is the title of a new opera in Wagner's style; the music being composed by Mr. Andreas Halleen, a Swede, the text by Mr. H. Herrig, a German.

PROFESSOR JEAN PIO died lately in Copenhagen, about fifty years of age. The deceased was president of one of the greatest private colleges in Denmark and a prominent linguist and pedagogue.

THE Prussian government assists in the building of a railway along the western coast of Sleswick, from Heide, in the Holstein marsh, over Frederikstad, Husum, and Tönder, to the Danish frontier at Ribe.

KING OSCAR has ordered that an official veterinary examination of cattle exported from Sweden shall take place, in order to preserve the present privileges concerning importation of Swedish cattle into England.

THE Danish *Geheimearkivar*, i. e., superior librarian of the royal archives, Mr. A. D. Jørgensen, is preparing the publication of the materials for a history of the Danish administration during the autocratic period, 1660-1848.

A NEW play by Mr. Edward Wijkander, "*Medborgerligt förtroende*" ("Confidence of Fellow Citizens"), is performed in Stockholm with success. The theme is the loss of civil rights as a result of criminal punishment.

INSTEAD of the late Mr. Godt, Archdeacon Schwartz, D.D., is placed at the head of the clergy of Sleswick; but as he only understands German, Mr. Kaftan, late school commissioner, is appointed his assistant for the Danish districts.

THE Danish physicians are making great preparations for the international congress of physicians, to take place in Copenhagen during the coming summer. Leading Norwegian and Swedish physicians take active part in the work.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS were introduced in Sweden, January 1. The smallest amount received in deposit is one crown; but saving marks or stamps are sold even at ten örer, about four cents. They seem to be a success, being at once largely used by all classes, even by women and children.

THE young Prince Oscar, of Sweden-Norway, has, under the signature of O. C. A., published in the last issue of the Swedish Maritime Review, *Tidskrift för sjöväsen*, a fine article on the German school for naval officers in Kiel.

DR. A. NYSTRÖM, well known as a positivist and as the founder of the Workingman's College in Stockholm, recently lectured to a great and interested audience in the Swedish capital, on the press and public opinion as great powers in the modern state.

MISS ANNA DONS, a Danish singer, has made her debut on the Tagliani theatre in Florence as Margaretta in Gounod's "*Faust*." The critics speak in the very highest terms about *la bella graziosa Danese*, and expect her to become another Christine Nilsson.

IN Wasa, all Finnish buildings were illuminated New Year's eve, to celebrate the law which orders that the officials shall use the Finnish language as well as the Swedish, and which is considered as a great popular victory over the Swedish bureaucracy.

THAT Nordenskiöld is the object of petty envy from the side of some Danes, is the more undeserved as the great Swedish explorer is one of the most generous and noble-hearted men who ever lived, and a staunch friend of all great and good, thus also of the *desideratum* of his race, the unity of the Scandinavian nations.

THE temperance cause in Sweden is advanced by the spread of the order of Good Templars; the English form of which finds more adherents, however, than the American. The English leader, John Malins, has visited Stockholm and was highly welcomed there.

A DRAMA by Mrs. Charlotte Edgren, "*Sanna kvinnor*" ("True Women"), is translated into Danish by the celebrated dramatical author, Rev. C. Hostrup. The manager of the National Theatre at Copenhagen has refused to put it on the stage, and thereby created a great and just indignation.

THE committee on ways and means of the Danish *Folkething* recommends to deduct between three and four million crowns from the military budget of the govern-

ment. A special bill on the military reorganization was buried in a committee in the contemptuous way which is characteristic of the present political conflict.

THE amalgamation and absorption of smaller stock companies take also place in the Scandinavian countries. In Norway, the Bergen Steamship Company and the Bergen-Nordland Company are amalgamated. In Denmark, the United Steamship Company continually absorbs smaller independent lines between Denmark and England.

MR. J. NORDBLAD, of Helsingborg, Sweden, has bought a farm situated not far from the city, and has made it a "home for the homeless," i. e., for persons who have been punished, and therefore have been deprived of their civil rights. They will be permitted to stay there until they can find occupation otherwise. It is certainly a humane and much-needed institution.

IN northern districts of Sweden the churches are surrounded by booths, where the congregation, often coming from a distance of many miles, turns in before attending church. A correspondent to Stockholm *Aftonbladet* complains of the nightly disorder in these booths, the *kyrkostad*, where the young people come together several days before the great church festivals.

BJÖRNSSON writes from Paris to Christiania *Dagbladet* that, according to his opinion, France is not in a state of decadence, and that there is no danger of a revolution. The social reforms, as well as all other questions, will be solved in peace through legal means. Only the clerical party is dissatisfied, because it is losing ground. The people want no war with Germany. Mr. Björnson especially praises the new common-school system owed to M. Paul Bert.

A SOCIETY of political economy is formed in Christiania, by Messrs. Aschehoug and Ebbe Herzberg, professors at the university; Mr. Kjær, director of statistics; Mr. J. T. Heftye, a well-known leading banker; Mr. Ewald Rygh, burgomaster of Christiania, and Mr. Schweigaard, minister of state,—all men of the highest social standing and prominent economists. Similar societies were some years ago formed, first in Copenhagen, later in Stockholm.

AN Icelandic lady, Mrs. Torshildu Thorsteinsdottir Holm, who resides in Canada, has published in Reykjavik, Iceland, an historical novel, "Brynjolfur Sveinsson." It is the first novel ever written by an Icelandic lady, and it is the first novel published in the Icelandic language. The action takes place on Iceland, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the hero of the book is the Bishop of Skaalholt, who, in 1643, discovered the manuscript of the older Edda.

IN an editorial, *Gamla och Nya Hemlandet*, a Swedish weekly in Chicago, complains of a remark in Mr. N. C. Frederiksen's article on the Swedish banking system, published in the February SCANDINAVIA, to the effect that the Swedes in certain respects are more easy-going than their Norwegian and Danish brethren. Other Scandinavians think that Mr. Frederiksen, in his several articles, gives too prominent a position to the Swedish nationality. SCANDINAVIA endeavors to state the plain truth.

It is proposed in Sweden to deprive the private banks of their right to note-emission after 1898, so that the *Rika-Bank* only will have this right, guaranteed by the government, and with a capital of sixty million crowns, of which forty millions shall be furnished by the government, and twenty millions by private stockholders. This arrangement would be no progress. A. V. Wallenberg writes to the *Société des Economistes* in Paris, and says that the new project is due to desire of political power more than to economical reasons.

THE dislike of the Danes in North Sleswick to the German government, and the unwillingness of all young men in Holstein and Sleswick against the long German military service, lead to a continually increasing emigration over Hamburg to the United States—for the last three years, about ten thousand persons yearly—besides an emigration to Denmark and to America over Copenhagen. Probably half of the Danes who at present arrive into this country come from Sleswick, and are booked at Castle Garden as Germans.

IN the seventy-five counties of Minnesota, thirty treasurers, twenty-five registers of deeds, fourteen auditors, eleven judges of probate, and seven sheriffs, are Scandinavians. Mr. Knute Nelson, M.C., is appointed regent of the state university; Mr. Grönvold, M.D., member of the state board of health, and Mr. F. S. Christensen, banker of Rush city, member of the state board of equalization of taxes. Finally the president has nominated Gen. Oscar Malmros, consul at Leith, England,—not, as expected, general consul in Calcutta.

IN a letter to the editor, Bishop D. G. Monrad denies that he, before the year 1848, was the leader of the rural movement in Denmark, to the extent stated in SCANDINAVIA for November and December, 1883. He considers Balthazar Christensen, Tscherning, and Drewsen, as the real leaders, and thinks that he himself first, at a later epoch, as minister of the interior, exercised a great influence. However this may be, the actions and opinions of men like Mr. Monrad weigh heavily; and the *Bondevenner*, the friends of the peasant, would certainly never have accomplished much if they had acted alone.

WITH Messrs. Berg & Bojsen as leaders, the organ of the Danish "Left," *Morgenbladet*, will probably get a much smaller circulation in Copenhagen, whose population in fact supports all the leading papers, but whose liberal fraction to some extent sides with the "European Radicals" represented by Messrs. V. Hørup and Edvard Brandes, the former editors of *Morgenbladet*. There is, however, some reason to believe that the change signifies that the majority of the "Left" intends to enter into more active politics. If that be the case, it certainly cannot but be of benefit to the Danish nation.

"*Skuespilleren som Konge*" ("The Actor as King"), by Mr. F. Bajer, member of the Danish parliament, is a novel, treating of an actor who remarkably resembles a king, and who, having changed clothes with the king in a bath-room, supplants him and introduces a republican government instead of the half-true forms of the constitutional monarchy. The novel is not without evidence of gift, and sensible from the radical standpoint of the author. It is printed by Isidor Kjellberg, a well-known

republican in Linköping, Sweden; but it seems that no bookseller in Denmark has been willing to sell this persiflage on the kingdom.

THE Swedish parliament, the *Riksdag*, was opened, on January 15, with a speech by King Oscar. The government proposes a reduction in postage, and in duty on coffee and sugar. The budget for 1884 promises a surplus of nearly two million crowns. The entire income is about eighty-two millions; of the expenses, those to the defense amount to twenty-seven millions, and the public debt absorbs ten millions. No new military organization will be proposed, but large sums are requested for several military purposes. The king appointed the same presidents and vice-presidents as last year: in the First Chamber, Count Lagerbjelke and Mr. Ehrenheim, late minister of state; in the Second Chamber, Mr. Wijk, a wholesale dealer, and Carl Ifvarson, the well-known yeoman leader.

DR. KARL PETERSEN, director of a museum in Tromsø, Norway, has contributed to "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society of England" about a new polar country, observed northeast of Spitzbergen by a Norwegian skipper, Mr. Sörensen, last August. The sea was then free of ice. The warm current running from eastern Spitzbergen in direction of Franz Joseph's Land and the mythical Gilles' Land, of which we find reports from the beginning of last century, may make it possible to penetrate farther north in this direction, especially by staying the winter over on Gilles' Land. Dr. Petersen recommends future polar expeditions to make use of the Norwegian snow-shoes, *Skier*, by which it is possible to travel faster and longer than by any other means of communication.

THE fundamental principles on which the modern monarchy rests are at present not only much discussed in Norway—where the conflict between the government and the majority of the people is still going on, and where the eventuality of a country without a king is seriously debated by many—but also in Denmark. The old question of a kingdom by God's grace or by the people's will is the theme of a series of articles in several papers. Even the conservative Copenhagen *Dagbladet* must admit that the true basis of a government is the will of the people, if not of the numerical majority. In the new liberal society of voters, in Copenhagen, Mr. A. C. Larsen delivered a remarkable lecture on the position given the king in the constitution, and explained the necessity of a government by the people through a co-operation of the different classes of the society. At a conservative banquet in Christiania on the birthday of the king, Mr. Gjertsen, on the other side, spoke of the king as the ruler by God's grace and above the people.

MR. KNUD LANGE LAND, of North Cape, Wis., the honored patriarch of the Scandinavian press in America, recommends, in Chicago *Skandinaven*, his countrymen to vote independent of the republican party. He maintains that the two parties are no longer representatives of any divers principles, as when the slavery question was at issue. The republicans favor the monopolists; their representatives from Wisconsin and Minnesota are great lumbermen, who oppose the importation of cheap lumber from Canada. The East sends to congress manu-

facturers who advocate the iniquitous duty on clothing, etc. The Scandinavians ought to support the independent movement in behalf of purifying politics and carrying great reforms. The importance of such words from the influential old settler will be recognized by all who are familiar with the Scandinavian society of the Northwest.

IN the Swedish *Riksdag* the members are in voting, as a rule, not obliged to sacrifice their personal conviction on the altar of party discipline. Yet three parties may distinctly be discerned; in the Lower House, *Landtmannapartiet*, at the opening meeting of which about one hundred and twenty-five members were present, Mr. Carl Ifvarson being in the chair; the New Centre, comprising about fifty members, under the leadership of Dr. Wieselgren, and finally the "Right" consisting of about twenty members. In the Upper House, the same parties are not found, although the members from Skåne, *Skåningerne*, often cooperate with the *Landtmannaparti*; the great majority under the leadership of Baron de Geer is a true centre party, while the few members who operate together with the strong-minded Mr. Bergström, late minister of interior, are, under the present circumstances, more conservative.

WE have received from Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. an English version of Victor Rydberg's "The Last Athenian," from the Swedish by Wm. W. Thomas, Jr., United States minister to Sweden and Norway. The rationalistic author has in this work laid down the results of years of study. It treats of that complicated but interesting period of human history when the mental condition of the world was dissolved almost into a chaos, the period in which the philosophy and religion of ancient times fought the last desperate battle against the all-overwhelming new Christian creed. Mr. Rydberg is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greek culture, and every page of this remarkable work shows signs of his deep study and great love of Grecian art and literature. He has succeeded in giving a complete and vivid picture of the many different representatives of the several social and religious questions of that time. The reader breathes the clear blue atmosphere of the Greek sky, feels the ennobling influence of that city which fostered Socrates and Sophocles, and he follows the author to the cell of the Christian monk and sees him trembling with religious fever, or planning and plotting against men and states. Although the sympathy of the author evidently is with Theodorus, "one of the links in that chain of Protestants which runs through the time previous to the event called the Reformation—the pickets of the congregation of Christ, in its great impending strife with the priest-church—" and with Chrysanteus, the representative of Greek philosophy and culture, yet the entire work is pervaded by a spirit of justice and impartiality. Victor Rydberg is one of the foremost champions for the rights of humanity; the cause for which his heroes fight is his own—the cause of political, religious, and scientific freedom. The historic, the descriptive, and the romantic parts of the work are interwoven into each other with a wonderful dexterity, and there are few books within modern Norse literature to which we can give a more hearty recommendation.

IN Minneapolis, a society is formed for the purpose of cooperating with the "Left," in Norway; especially with the association of the "Left," in the *Storthing*. Among its many prominent members this society counts Mr. A. Ueland, the son of the old peasant chief in the *Storthing*; Mr. N. Grevstad, late of Christiania *Dagbladet*; Mr. Luth. Jager, of Minneapolis *Budstikken*, and Professor Oftedal, of Augsburg Seminary, Minneapolis. Mr. Knute Nelson, the congressman for Minnesota, gives his approval in a letter. Similar societies are formed in other places. This movement amongst the numerous American citizens of Norwegian extraction is no Fenian-like revolutionary movement, as has been stated. It is intended to collect money subsidies; these will, however, not be used directly for the purpose of furnishing the Norwegian volunteers with rifles, but will be sent to the Norwegian parliamentary association.

MR. GEORG BRANDES has published a series of essays on that group of Danish and Norwegian authors which forms the modern school in Norse literature. The book is characteristic of its brilliant author; it has all the advantages and all the defects of that school of literary criticism which was inaugurated by M. Taine. The reader is often in doubt, if the author intends to give a mere objective descriptive delineation of his subject, or only uses it as a vehicle for his own opinions on religious and social questions. A book like Mr. Brandes's will have no interest for the foreign reader who is not, to a great extent, familiar with the works of the authors treated. Very little direct information is given. But we have seen no work in which the social and political conditions of Norway and Denmark, for the last thirty years, are given with such a conciseness and brilliancy of style. The book is fascinating from one end to another, and passes often very accurate and surprisingly distinct judgments on men like Björnson, Ibsen, Drachmann, I. P. Jacobsen, Schandorph, and Erik Skram. An immediate result of the publication of this book has been a fierce literary dispute between the author and Mr. Holger Drachmann, who thinks himself injured by Mr. Brandes's views on some of his books.

MR. BJÖRN BJÖRNSSON, a son of the Norwegian poet, describes in *Göteborg Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning* the remarkable theatrical company of the Duke of Meiningen, of which he has been a member for some years. The duke and his wife, the former actress Ellen Franz, take the greatest interest in the troupe, and travel with it six months of the year. The duke himself is the real manager and instructor, plans the scenery and the costumes, but reigns like a despot. A perfect ensemble is hereby obtained; all parts are well performed. This system, which widely differs from the management of American companies which, as a rule, only consist of a single "star," miserably supported, counts for the success with which the Meiningen troupe has replaced Shakespeare's and Schiller's dramas on the stage. Even in London "Julius Cesar" has been successfully performed. The most careful preparations are made by the duke in person,—for instance, when he represented Björnson's "Between the Battles," in which the most minute details as to scenery and costumes in old Norway were correct; or when he studied the scenery of Edinburgh,

and other places in Scotland, in order to give Björnson's "Mary Stuart" a worthy representation. On the other hand, the company suffers by the small range of freedom allowed even to the highest talent. The duke is a German soldier.

CAPTAIN CARL TH. SÖRENSEN'S "*Den anden slesvigske Krig*," ("The Second War for Sleswick") does not only give a fine and vivid description of the war itself—in which it was recognized too late that the Germans were superior both in numbers and in equipment—but contains also good contributions to a clearer understanding of the entire political situation, especially the relation to England, whose policy really was as much in sympathy with the Danes as was the Swedish-Norwegian, all the time supporting Denmark, and only advising to abandon the Slien-Danewirke line when this was absolutely beyond all question. The Danes must never forget that the report of their naval victory at Helgoland, over the Austrian fleet, was received in the House of Commons with cheers—a quite unusual event. England could hardly be expected to make war for the sake of Denmark. What else rarely happens in English politics occurred here; the personal opinion of the regent influenced the decision of important questions; and on account of Queen Victoria's German sympathies, no English naval demonstration in favor of Denmark took place. We remember to have seen private communications to Danish statesmen from Sir Robert Cecil, the present Marquis of Salisbury, confirming this statement; and if we are not mistaken, the same view was propagated in an article in the *Quarterly Review*. When defeating Denmark, Bismarck actually defeated the policy of the English people. Fatal to the Danish cause was the proposal of Russia, in the last moment of the London conference, to keep the German part of the Danish monarchy in personal union with Denmark, whereby the monarchical interests of the king became different from that vital national interest which the Danish people naturally took in her brethren in North Sleswick. Thereby really the Danish cause in the Duchies was lost.

Just as SCANDINAVIA was going to the press, the following dispatch arrived to Chicago:

Christiania, Feb. 27, 1884.

Christian August Selmer, minister of state, has been impeached, adjudged guilty, and sentenced to forfeit his place as minister; also, his membership of the royal council, and to pay costs—about \$5,000.

This sentence has been expected for a long time, and will undoubtedly create just exultation amongst Norwegians all over the world. It might prove of the greatest consequence to the democratic cause in the Scandinavian countries, and we will, in our succeeding number, return to this memorable event in the political history of Norway.

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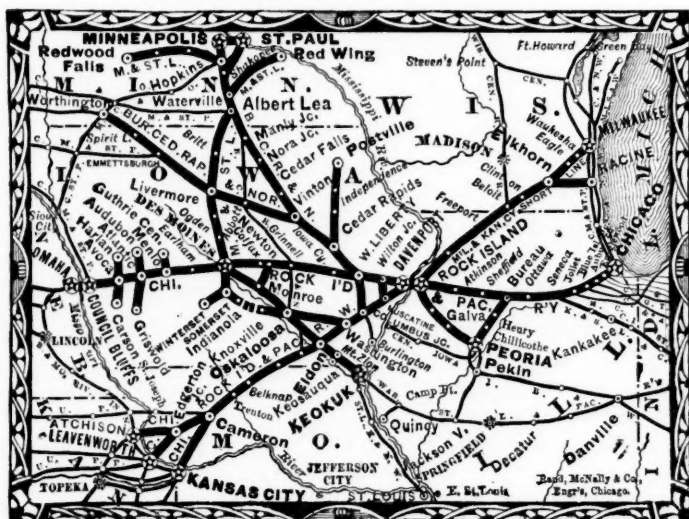
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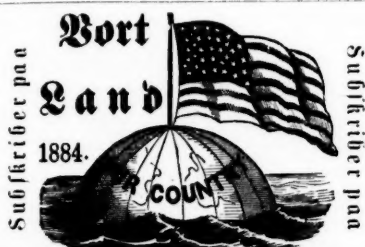
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